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SELECTED POETRY.

THE ENGLISH BOY.

BY MRS HEMANS.

Look from the ancient mountains down,
My noble English boy;
Thy country's fields around thee gleam
In sunlight and in joy.

Ages have rolled since foeman's march
Passed o'er that old firm sod;
For well the land hath fealty held
To freedom and to God!

Gaze proudly on my English boy,
And let thy kindling mind
Drink in the spirit of high thought,
From every chainless wind.

There, in the shadow of old Time,
The halls beneath thee lie,
Which poured forth to the fields of yore
Our England's chivalry,

How bravely and how solemnly
They stand, midst oak and yew;
Whence Cressy's yeomen haply framed
The bow in battle true.

And round their walls their good swords hang,
Whose faith knew no alloy,
And shields of knighthood, pure from stain—
Gaze on, my English boy.

Gaze where the hamlet's ivied church
Gleams from the antique elm;
Or, where the minster lifts the cross
High through the air's blue realm.

Martyrs have showered their free heart's blood,
That England's prayer might rise
From those grey fanes of thoughtful years,
Unfetter'd to the skies.

Along their aisles, beneath their trees,
This earth's most glorious dust,
Once fired with valor, wisdom, song,
Is laid in holy trust.

Gaze on—gaze farther, farther yet—
My gallant English boy!
Yon blue sea bears thy country's flag,
The billows' pride and joy.

Those waves in many a fight have closed
Above her faithful dead;
That red-cross flag victoriously
Hath floated o'er their bed.

They perished—this green turf to keep
By hostile tread unstained;
Those knightly halls inviolate,
Those churches unprofaned.

And high and clear their memory's light,
Along our shores is set,
And many an answering beacon fire
Shall there be kindled yet!

Lift up thy heart, my English boy,
And pray like *them* to stand,
Should God so summon *thee* to guard
The altars of the land.

[From the American Monthly Magazine.]

RECOLLECTIONS.

We sat together—all alone—
At Evening, in the silent bower,
And far the silver starlight shone
O'er sleeping sea and folded flower.
I know not truly how it came
That we were sitting thus togther;
But love I know is hard to tame,
And often breaks from wisdom's tether.

We talked at first of careless things,
The weather and the last new novel,—
And both were sure the pomp of kings
Was naught to *friendship in a hovel.*
With now and then a trembling pause.
Our subjects were not very many;
And so,—I know not how it was—
At last we did not talk of any.

But though we spoke not, all the while
Our eyes were sweeter converse keeping;
And love with many a winning smile,
Betwixt the half shut lids was peeping:
And though the bower was dimly dark'
I saw the heaving of that bosom,—
Oh! it was passing sweet to mark,
The opening of love's early blossom.

In truth, we never meant the thing,
When first we sought that shady bower,—
'Twas sudden, as a breeze of spring—
'Twas natural as budding flower.
Alas! that faithless eyes should own
The thoughts our inmost bosoms harbor;—
'Tis dangerous, love, to sit alone
At twilight, in a silent arbor!

That trembling hand was clasped with this—
That cheek was resting on my shoulder;
And then the long, long, thrilling kiss,
When love grew wild and I grew bolder!
Long years have seen us far apart,
Yet still upon my memory lingers
The beating of that gentle heart,
The clasping of those pretty fingers. ELAH.

[From the Baltimore Transcript.]

THE BRIDESMAID.

The last—the last faint sound I hear,
Of groom and bride departing;
With lady bright and cavalier,
And helms in sunlight darting.
Alone I sit and think of one,
The noblest knight of all,
Who left his faithful love alone
To bow to honor's call.
He said he'd come at eventide,
And claim his lady for his bride.

They're gone—they're gone—now down the vale
Their plumes are faintly streaming,
Their banners flap the evening gale,
No sunlight on them gleaming.
The night bird now begins to sing,
And star by star appears—
Each silent planet wondering
Why should I be in tears!
Why comes he not at eventide,
To claim his lady for his bride.

Be still—be still, my throbbing breast,
I hear a bugle sounding;
I see a warrior's snowy crest—
A war-steed proudly bounding.
He comes—I know his gallant mein,
His helmet, sword and spear;
I know him by his doublet green,
My own brave cavalier!
True to his word—at eventide,
He's come to claim me as his bride.

THE VICTOR'S BRIDAL.

She saw him so stately, so handsome and light;
A minstrel in feeling, a hero in fight!
That voice which commanded the 'Lyon-brands' gleam,
Was soft as a ring-dove's when love found the theme.
What reck'd she of dukedoms or nobles—so tame;
No; she'd wed with the victor, whose breath—was his *name!*

The priest at the altar, the bride by his side;
The hymn the choir chaunted—its last note had died:
Oh, she moved like a princess, so glorious and proud.
'Fit mate for a hero,' deep whispered the crowd:
When, lo! through the chancel what vision appears:
An angel—in *beauty!* a woman—in *tears!*

She gazed on the bridegroom with fast failing breath;
With neck and brow blushing, then pale, pale as death!
'Oh, thus hast thou slighted the faith bound to me!
The love thou hast plighted, hadst sworn on bent knee!
Oh! think of my mother, heart-broken, and save!
Think—*feel* for my father, ere mak'st thou my grave!'

She fell on his bosom, she swooned at his feet,
He gazed; and the mansion he knew once so sweet,
The love of his fond youth came back with new power;
And none would he wed, save his own English flower!
'Twas heard; and with passion too vast to be borne,
'Oh! have we this dastard!' the bride spake in scorn.

Pass'd bright lords and ladies, proud princes and peers,
With murmur and frowning, with scoffing and jeers!
Still he bent o'er his pale one and deigned not to speak,
But kissed in fond silence the tears from her cheek!
And the hero hath taken the maid's willing hand,
More blest than espousing the first of the land!

SELECTED TALES.

[From Fraser's Magazine for May.]

THE TURNERS.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

(Concluded.)

Cochrane did not arrive for two days, when a sharp altercation at once began between his uncle and he, about his parting with some favorite horse of the old man's. But the laird, recollecting himself, dropped the quarrel, and said, 'I forgot, Cochrane: this is your cousin, William Cochrane, come home from the West Indies.' On which Cochrane, who had entered with his riding-whip in his hand, and covered over with mud, strode by William, who held out his hand to him, with a look the most insulting, exclaiming, 'Cousin! whew! D——n all such cousins! None of your warming-pan tricks with me, old one! I know what I am, and, by G——, I know what you are—that's better. Cousin, forsooth! Pooh!'

This was so outrageously grand, that William could not refrain from bursting out into a horse-laugh, as the heir was manifestly drunk. The savage said nothing, but looked thunders and lightnings at the youth. The altercation between his uncle and he then began more fierce than ever about the exchange of horses, and losses on the turf to sharpers and jockeys; on which Cochrane's choler rose so high, that there was not a degrading and reproachful epithet in our language which he did not call him by. William lost all patience, for the old laird seemed to be awed at the savage brutality of his heir.

'Do you know or recollect whom you are speaking to, sir?' said William.

'Yes, by G——! I do know who I am speaking to, but you do not; and remember I tell you so, Mr. upstart beggar. I know for what purpose you have sought the place; but I'll defy you and your precious uncle both. I'll learn you to know who is master here.'

William was just beginning an intemperate reply, which would have brought matters to a disagreeable issue at once, had not the laird interfered: which once more turned all the ruffian's rage against him.

'Never mind him, dear William,' said the old man; 'it is too often thus with me. Never regard what he says. You see he is beastly drunk.'

'Who is it that says I am beastly drunk? Who has the insolence to sit in my own house, look in my face, and say I am beastly drunk? I say that such a fellow deserves chastisement, were it not that the dotard is below my vengeance.' And waving his arm around his head like a maniac, he went furiously away in the direction of the stables; but turning suddenly back, he said, 'Come along with me, young un; I want you to see these tits of mine, which one's kicks up such a dust about.' William followed him without hesitation; and as soon as they were within the stable-door, Cochrane locked it and put the key in his pocket; then turning fiercely on William, he said, 'And so thou'rt come here to be master, art thou?'

'I came here with no such intent, sir. I came to see an uncle who has all along been very kind to my parents.'

'Oh, ay! Yes, I see how the land lies, and all your laudable motions and intentions; but if I do not knock him on the head for once, my name is not Cochrane Turner, nor am I laird of Hollinshaw. Come, strip: and in the first place I'll lash you like a dog till I flay you alive, and I'll hang you over that there joist; and then pick up the next lairdship you can get. Come, strip; strip, I say!'

'What does the savage brute mean?'

'I'll let you feel that in a short time. So you won't strip, as I command you? Well, it shall be the worse for you.'

He then began a-lashing furiously at William with the whip; but the latter closing with him, soon found that, what with drunkenness, rage, and cowardice, his cousin was no match for him, or any body who had spirit to attack him, for his whole frame was shaking. He wrested the whip from him in a moment, and the first lash he got at him he blinded both his eyes.—William then did ply the whip to some purpose, and scourged the savage till he jumped and capered round the stable, swearing and roaring like a bull; but William continued his chastisement without any mitigation, until the other, seizing a sharp stable-fork, ran furiously at him to stick him through the heart. William received the lunge on his left arm, which both the prongs of the fork ran through; and that moment, with the loaded but-end of the whip, he knocked the monster down. He then set a foot on each arm, and holding the bloody fork above his breast, ordered him to take a solemn oath never to lift his hand again to him as long as he lived; but all that Cochrane would do was to roar out 'Murder, murder!'

At length Gabriel Wilson, the groom, hearing the dreadful uproar in the stable, tried to get in, but could not; so running up to the barn, which was above the stable, and opening the trap-door, dropped down beside the belligerents at once, and seizing William, he pulled him off the young laird, asking him what he meant.

'Your ruffian young master there brought me into the stable, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket, with the avowed intention of murdering me. I have mastered him, but am badly wounded.'

Cochrane then began a cursing and damning him for a liar; but finding the stable-door key in his pocket, he shook his head, and said, 'Mr Cochrane, I can read your fortune. You will either go very shortly to the gallows or a mad-house.'

He then led the bleeding young man into the house, who told his uncle the story as shortly and calmly as he could. The old man was paralyzed with rage and indignation: and sending one servant for the village surgeon, he ordered Gabriel to ride straight to the sheriff, and get a warrant and proper officers to commit his nephew to confinement. In running to the stable he met with Cochrane, who looked rather raised and frightened.

'Wh—, why, what is the hurry, man, said he.

'The matter, man!' exclaimed the other; 'my being has turned out true already. The young gentleman is killed; and here I am hurrying to the sheriff for a warrant and officers to commit you to a mad house, to try to prevent your execution. You are a lost man now and I'm sorry for it.'

Cochrane had for years had some indefinable horrors of a mad-house, from a consciousness, perhaps, of his unbridled passions; so, without taking leave of any one, he mounted his tit and fled—never stopping; night or day, till he crossed the border, and at last sought concealment among the Yorkshire jockeys.

The laird and William now got time to converse quietly together; and the latter testifying a strong desire to go abroad, and there being a great demand for young men to go out to India, his uncle easily procured him a cadetship and high interest with some of the directors. So off to India he went, and for several years wrote home regularly; but at length he was lost, and no more heard of.

The old laird lived only four years after this period, and then the blackguard Cochrane got possession of that fine estate, beside great riches, which he made fly at a fine rate; but, by his intemperance, he came to his end in a very short time. Then silly, absurd Andrew got the property; and, ultimately, it came under the superintendence of the redoubted attorney, Jacob Evans; which brings me to the point at which I was obliged to fly off at a tangent. So, in the next chapter, I shall return to Aunt Margaret, and her grand persecutor, Jacob Evans.

CHAPTER. III.

Maysie M'Fee, the village grocer, came into the Black Ram inn one afternoon—not on a formal visit, but on a friendly call, in the *bygangin*. So they smoked a pipe in the large kitchen together, and began a crack, which didna end till long after the gloaming.

'Dinna ye wonder, Marsie, how auld Auntie Margaret, o' the Silverburn Brae, has subsistit for this mony a year? I'm sure the salary that the auld laird settled upon her has been but ill paid, an' now it will be waur paid than ever; for I dare say ye hae that the auld Jew, Jacob Evans, courtit her bonny daughter, Margaret, as was thought by some people, with the view of getting some claim on the estate—that the lassie refused him very saucily, an' took Willie Bell, the poor parish domine.'

'An' very right she was, Mrs Baby. To think o' lickan a flower as her taken' an auld, withered scrub like Jacob. I own an' do declare, woman, it wad hae been waur' nor sawcrilege. But, however Auntie Margaret lives, she pays a' her debts regularly four times a year, an' comes to the kirk wi' as good a gown as ony i' the parish. It is thought that the unhealthy lad that boards wi' her supports her gayan well. But I hae news to tell ye, Mrs Baby. When Margaret Turner refused the auld lawyer, I own an' do declare the body fell into a devil of a rage, an' swore to be revenged; an' hes na' forgot his threat, for nae farrer gane than yesterday, he comes to our minister (no a very good man, ye ken, an', gin a' tales be true, rather waur than the other,) an' he says, 'Mr. Duntbook,' says he, 'ye ken, that, by a law in your presbytery no probationer can be admitted as a parish teacher:—a very proper law, as they are merely birds of passage. But, moreover, you know, Mr Duntbrook, that this young rascal never was legally settled, but merely succeeded his father, and taught in his place; therefore, get him turned out instantly. I am now in the place of the parish-patron, and must see order restored after such a woful defaultment.'

'You are right sir, quite right,' said the minister; 'the thing shall be done: I shall bring it before the first presbytery, and support your motion. Depend on it, the thing shall be done.'

'Then away goes Jacob to Mr. Shaw, the ruling elder, and gave him the same injunctions; but there he met with a different man. He, indeed, was obliged to acknowledge the illegality of Mr. Bell's settlement; but that, he said, he could easily procure for him. 'He is a most accomplished scholar,' added he, 'an excellent young man; and if we turn him out of his school, what is to become of the young couple, who are very poor?'

'That is their look-out, not ours, Mr. Shaw. I must see order restored in the parish, and insist on the fellow's dismissal.'

'I shall oppose it with all my influence, Mr. Evans, and I hope that it is at least as much as yours; for if we turn away so valuable a master, what are the children to do for their education?'

'That is their parents concern; not yours or mine, Mr Shaw. However, I'll let you see what I'll do, and that very shortly.'

'An' mair not that, he has gien Aunty Margaret a legal warning away frae her bit house an' pendicle, that her brother-in-law settled her in for life, forby five hunder merks off the estate, whilk he'll no pay a copper of, but has gien her a charge o' horning for what she has received.'

'The body's surely gaen mad wi' his grand success in roguery. I declare he's just going about like an evil spirit frae the pit, doin' a' the mischief he can. I wish I had pu'd out his thrapple when I had the chance, an' right on my side.'

'I wish ye had, for ye cou'dna hae done the country sae good a turn. But I heard a queer piece o' news the tither night, yet darena bid ye believe't; for I got it frae John Gordon, the drunken change-house keeper, ye ken, an' I fear it is ower good to be true. But ye shall hae't as I had it. John comes in, ye see, gayan drunk, as he's always, an' he says, 'Maysie, ye auld jaud that ye are, ye maun lend me twa bottles o' whiskey for a day or two.'

'Na, fiend be i' my fingers then, John,' says I: 'for, when I lend ye whiskey, ye pay me back in stuff that's no sae good as my bottle washing. Down wi' your dust, or gang wantin' your whiskey.'

'Ah, ye auld gawd glyde!' said he, 'ye ken if I had had the siller I needna hae offered to borrow; but there are three king's messengers come in, an' I wadna like to put them away, an' I maun hae drink to them.'

'His presence be about us, John!' says I, 'what can the king's messengers be seeking here? I own an' do declare, man, ye hae gart my heart loup to me mouth.'

'Aha, luckily! there's things gaun on, an' that gayan secretly too, that ye ken naething about. But, if ye'll gie me a dram, I'll tell ye something that will make ye fidgin fain. Ay, woman, it will gar ye dance round an' round that counter, an' snap your fingers. Give me the dram, will ye?'

'Ye ken weel, John, that I never grudge you a dram when I think ye stand in need o't; but, really, ye hae gotten over muckle the night already.'

'Weel, weel, then, I'll take hame my secret to the king's messengers again; an' if ye winna lend me the whiskey, I ken where I can get it. If ye lose me, ye lose ane o' your best customers, ye auld rowdess. Out wi' the dram, will ye? Ay, that's like yoursel, now. Fill't to the brim—dinna be fear'd. Here's good health t'ye, ye auld devil, an' muckle luck!' An' wi' that John touts off the great glassfu' o' whiskey.

'Now, John,' says I, 'I hae implemented my part o' the bargain; now for yours. Tell me a' that ye ken about the errand o' the king's messengers.'

'Na, no ae word,' says he, 'unless ye gie me another dram.'

'Dear man, if I wad gie ye another dram like that, ye cou'dna speak a word, let be telling me a story; but I shall gie you ane some day, when ye stand mair in need o't.'

'Na, no ae single word, till I get another dram.'

'Weel, here is the dram,' said I, filling it up, and setting it down on the shelf behind me; 'but, till since you tell me out your story about the officers, not a drop of it you taste.'

'John looked at the spirit with an eye that I saw, if his life depended on the secret, out it would hae come. 'Weel, ye auld curst kerlin, gin it maun be sae, it maun be sae. Then ye maun ken that there's a great officer, a commander-in-chief, or something, coming hame frae the Indies to claim Hellinshaw, an' kick Jacob Evans out wi' his head foremost. What think ye o' that, auld hellicat? That's a piece o' news for you! He, he, he! The body that is kicking every body out, an' cheatin' every body, to be turned out himsel! It's quite grand. Give me by the dram, will ye?'

'But, John, what about the king's messengers? ye have never said a word about them.'

'Whisht! for gudeness sake, whisht!' and then, whispering in my ear over the counter, he added, 'they hae been sent out here by the king an' his lords o' session, to take infeftment o' the land in this great East Indian prince's name. Isna that perfect assurance that my news are true?'

'Hae, there's your dram, John,' says I; 'an gin your news be true, come in an' I'll gie you ane ilka day this month, when ye're thirsty; and there's the twa bottles o' whiskey to the king's officers. I'm only fear'd, John, that ye hae been tellin' me a parcel o' lees, for the sake o' the spirits.' John lookit unco queer, like ane who is rather caught in an ill turn; an' what to mak o' him an' his story, I dinna ken. He was drunk, to be sure, but when I did sae to him, he laughed, and said, 'Just a flam, auld lucky; ye're ta'en in; an' away he went, wi' his whiskey aneath his twa arms, laughin.' For a' that, I think there is some truth in the story; but fearing he had gaen ower far, he wantit to retract; for the fact is, that there are three men o' the law there, an' executing some business wi' great secrecy, which took them to his quiet, mean house a' the night.'

CHAPTER IV.

There was one day, about the end of August, that there was a man came in to Aunty Margaret, a kind of mulatto, or rather half-cast, and he asks, in a very civil manner, if she could take him as a boarder, as he wished retirement, and had been long in a foreign climate, and felt himself in precarious health. He did not much care about the conditions, he said, as he had plenty of money—all that he wanted was quiet and retirement, and plain diet. Aunty Margaret said, that perhaps the taking in of a half-blackamoor as an only lodger, a man about the same age with herself, would rather look curious in the eyes of the world; she would recommend him rather to take up his lodgings with her daughter Margaret, who was married to the parish schoolmaster, and had plenty of rooms for boarders, several of which were unoccupied. He lost no time in posting off to the domine's, which was about two miles distant, in the heart of the village, and asked the mistress of the house if she could accommodate him with a dining-room, parlour, and bed-room, for a season? No, she could not. Mrs. Bell was then a handsome young lady, about twenty-two, with two little chubby boys, the one in her arms and the other at her knee. He took them both on his knee, and kissed and caressed them; and the little imps, instead of being afraid of the blackamoor, clung to him; and Mrs. Bell, to her astonishment, saw the tears trickling from his eyes as he embraced them.

The stranger went back to Silverburn Brae that same night, and told Aunty Margaret that her daughter could not take him in, and that he must insist on being her boarder, on whatever conditions; for that he liked the place, and liked her, and had some hopes that they should be long in parting.

Aunty Margaret said that she had never taken in any boarders, and never intended doing so; but that he was most welcome to remain with her for a few days, or weeks, until he could find a proper lodging-house, and it should cost him nothing. The blackamoore wiped his eyes, and thankfully accepted the invitation. But that very night, at ten, Aunty Margaret says to him, 'I wonder very much how you, being a foreigner, should speak the English, or rather the Scottish language, so well, that I understood every word you say. Pray, where did you serve?'

'In Hyderabad, in the East Indies.'

'In Hyderabad, in the East Indies!' What regiment, if you please?'

'In the 5th, or St George's light cavalry.'

Aunty Margaret set down her cup and looked intensely at the stranger; but her breath seemed to cut, and it was long before she could speak again. At length she put on her spectacles on pretence of looking for something, and then she raised her face and looked at him through the spectacles; but still she had not power to ask any questions, until near the time of going to bed, when she did venture to ask him if he knew one William Turner, a lieutenant in that regiment.—The stranger said he knew him well, and was much interested in him; but he was taken prisoner at the great battle of Berar, and carried, with others, into the Nizam's country, where they had been closely confined in a dungeon, till very lately; that a remnant of them had been redeemed by treaty, of which number Willima Turner was one; and he, after receiving arrears of payment for thirteen years, was allowed to return home on full pay, on account of his great sufferings. He now bore the rank of captain, had lately returned to Scotland, and was this night kneeling at his beloved mother's knee. 'Have imprisonment and a burning clime so changed me, that my mother does not know her only son?'

Mrs. Turner was one who had the complete mastery over her feelings; and perceiving at once the necessity for keeping this great discovery a secret for some time, to prevent the machinations of a wretch who neither feared God nor regarded man, she neither screamed nor fainted, but shed abundance of tears in silence over her beloved William. No meeting could be more tender; but, in the midst of their congratulations, who should arrive but Mrs. Bell. She felt interested in the sunburnt stranger; and no sooner had he left the house than she fell into deep thought, so deep that it distressed her; and for several hours, when spoken to, she could not return an answer. She was certain she had seen the stranger before, and thought it was in the West Indies, when she was young. At length her eyes began to beam with joy, and her heart to palpitate; and she said to her husband, 'William, I could wager the kingdom to a crown piece that yon sunburnt stranger is my brother.'

'Dearest Margaret, that is impossible, and so much Asiatic blood in him.'

'Not a drop! the darkness of his hue proceeds from his having roasted so long in the torrid clime, and, moreover, he was of a dark complexion from his childhood. I know every turn of his features, on proper recollection; and yet it is strange how old he looks. Take notice of the children, for I must follow him.' Which she did, and found him kneeling at his mother's knee; where she kneeled beside him and wept for joy.

'This discovery was a great release; for old Evans had every thing prepared and in readiness to turn out Mrs. Turner, and Mr. Bell, her son-in-law, and working mischief on many others on the estate beside these. His malice seemed to increase with his power of doing mischief; but he was preparing himself for an unregretted fall. Captain Turner's identity was complete; the register of his and his sister's birth in the West Indies, and letters from his colonel and commander-in-chief, stating the period of his services. And it was a lucky thing for him that he had visited his uncle; for several of the old servants made oath to his identity; and Gabriel, with exultation in his looks, caused the captain to cast off his coat, and showed the wounds in his arm when stabbed by his cousin with the hay-fork. Every thing being thus self-evident, the old, miserable attorney, although for some time led to suspect that some mischief was a-brewing against him, never could divine what it was, till it was called at the church-door that the true proprietor of Hollinshaw had arrived to take possession of his patrimonial estate; and all who held not their leases or feus of him behoved to appear and produce their rights; and such as did not would be driven from the estate. Jacob Evans, and his clerk Mungo, rode night and day, consulting with lawyers; but the tables were turned, and not a hole left whereby he could manage to get in a finger. Daft Andrew's bills and bonds were of no avail, for he never had been laird, but merely an interloper, while the true heir was living; and it so happened that the very day on which Evans had set to turn out Mrs. Turner from her habitation, she and her son turned him out of the mansion-house of Hollinshaw. He tried every method to warp the law in his own favor, all without effect; and at length the captain compromised the matter himself, by proffering to pay the other all that he could prove to have been his own, or earned in an honest way of business: but not a farthing of what had been made from the estate during the time he had been factor and agent for an intruder and an idiot. Jacob was glad to grasp at the offer, and the captain told him that, in case of refusal, he would make him forthcoming for all the bygone rents.

Jacob Evans soon after died, it was thought of a broken heart for the loss of the property, and his bills and bonds, for £30,000; but had he even retained it, he had neither child, nephew, nor niece to leave it to. What strange, inconsistant beings we are! for always the less need of money we have to leave behind us, the more anxious we are to attain it; which seems to be a part punishment of the avaricious man's sins. Captain Turner seems to have a little of the spirit of retaliation in him; for he instituted a suit against the Rev. Mr. Duntbrook, for behaviour of the most immoral and revolting kind, and got him turned out of his parish church, retaining the third of the stipend for life, and in the church he established his brother-in-law, Mr. Bell, who is reported to have been a good and amiable divine, though not very brilliant. His son, William Bell Turner, is the proprietor of Hollinshaw at this day; and this is all I have to relate of the family of the Turners.

From the Boston Pearl.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

It was the third night after the removal of the French court to the palace of Versailles. The receiving rooms were thrown open in all the magnificence of regal splendor. Music breathed low and sweet from numerous galleries, and illuminated chandeliers showered light over a throng of courtiers glittering with orders, and ladies resplendent with ornaments. One, a creature of surpassing beauty, stole quietly through the brilliant crowd, exchanging a smile with one, a *bon-mot* with another, and a courteous glance with a third, almost imperceptibly nearing a private door, through which she glided with the bright smile still playing like sun-light about her mouth. But the instant she was alone it passed away. She drew a long breath as if relieved from acting a part, and hurrying down a flight of steps entered the palace gardens. Never was there a more splendid scene than here presented itself. Thousands of lamps appeared amid the deep green foliage of the orangery, flashing over the rich fruit, where it hung like globes of burnished gold gathering and throwing off brightness. Thousands more glimmered thickly along the native branches, lighting up the dewy leaves till every shrub and tree seemed drooping with a fruitage of stars. Here and there an illuminated branch shot a prismatic light athwart the showering drops of a fountain, or flung a soft brilliancy over the statues [illegible] crouching their snowy limbs amid the grass. In one direction the eye might rest on a hamlet of rustic cottages nestled into a sheltering nook, and half hidden by dimly lighted trees; while, scattered in various directions, light pavilions upreared themselves, their graceful columns wreathed by rare exotics, shaking their cups to the night air and making it almost voluptuous with odor.

The lady of our story hurried through this wilderness of light and flowers, till she reached one of the most secluded of these fairy temples. After looking anxiously about for a moment, she opened the door and entered a small hexagonal room furnished in a style of oriental magnificence. The ceiling and miniature dome was of most exquisite basso relievo, while in every second division a sash, set with crystalline transparency, opened to the ground, draped without by a profusion of breathing flowers. Suspended from the dome by a heavy chain of linked gold, an alabaster lamp shed its light over a small table of Italian marble, white as snow, and almost imperceptibly veined by a soft rose color.

The lady cast a hurried glance about the room, and then threw herself, with graceful abandonment, on a pile of silken cushions heaped on the carpet.

'Thank heaven, I am alone,' she exclaimed, throwing a superb arm across the cushion and pressing her flushed cheek upon it, regardless that she had shaken a cluster of Bourbon lilies, formed of gems, from her temple, and that the ostrich feather attached to it lay broken, and like a handful of newly drifted snow-flakes, on her crimson couch. 'Thank heaven, I am alone,' she repeated, half burying her face in the swell of her arm, and closing her eyes as if weary with excitement. But she was not alone, for scarcely had she entered the pavilion when a white but masculine hand cautiously parted the passion flowers allowed to trail over the sash opposite; and a pair of dark eyes gazed in upon her with a passionate earnestness, as an enthusiastic connoisseur might dwell on a favorite painting knowing it to be his, or being certain of the power to obtain it.

'She *is* a superb creature,' half muttered the intruder, glancing at her half concealed head, and then at the little silken-clad foot hanging in fine relief against the crimson cushions, while its fellow lay buried in the folds of her white satin dress, 'and game that loses no charms in the pursuit,' he added, leaving the window noiselessly. The next moment he was kneeling by her side.

'Why do you seek solitude *ma belle reine*?' he said in a low insinuating voice, stealing his hand under her forehead, and attempting to raise her head from its beautiful resting place.

The lady sprung up, and her eyes dwelt indignantly on the intruder; but he fixed his look on her with a cool, unabashed steadiness, that acted as a spell. The flush of anger—nay, almost of loathing—passed away like the rose-tints from a summer cloud, and again the sweet practised smile revelled on her beautiful features.

'Is it only you?' she said, dropping to her pile of cushions with the grace of that most graceful of all creatures, a practised Frenchwoman, 'Is it only you?—I thought it had been——'

'His Majesty, you would say,' interrupted her auditor in a quite jeering tone—'he could not have noticed your departure—age produces blindness—this is his only excuse, for we cannot suppose even His Highness will indulge in another six years of indifference so soon.'

Marie Antoinette—for it is of her we write—half sprung from her recumbent position as if a serpent had stung her. Again the scornful flash shot to her eye, and away again. She moved one of the cushions, as if for her better accommodation, and resumed her position with a composure that might have rivalled his own, but that a slight, very slight quivering of the voice, told that it came from the seat of struggling anger, as she [illegible]—

'Monsieur de Gouvion forgets that he speaks of my husband and his king, when he mentions Louis of France with contempt!'

'No,' he exclaimed with more feeling than he had yet evinced, 'No, I can never forget that he *is* both, so long as an improvident and ill-regulated government reminds me of the one, and I see the smiles, once mine, lavished on him as the other. How can I forget,' he continued passionately, 'when I see him in the careless possession of a love once confessedly my own?'

'It is false!!—false as your own heart!' exclaimed the queen, rising slowly to her feet, and speaking in that low distinct tone which expresses the concentration of deep passion; 'I never loved you. If for a moment my heart debased itself in listening to your passion, your insidious serpent-like breathings, it was but for a moment; Marie of Austria could not so forget herself long.'

'Marie of Austria must be strangely forgetful, or she would bear in mind that certain *billets d'amour* have passed from her fair hand to my unworthy self; of course every line was too precious not to be treasured as the life-pulse of her slave,' and with a triumphant smile curling his haughty lip, he drew a handful of perfumed notes from his bosom; and glancing a half mocking look at the queen, as he unfastened a braid of her long brown hair which bound them together, he selected one and extended it toward her.

The queen took the little rose-tinged note with evident perturbation, and the blood rushed over her face and neck like a flash of sunlight on an alabaster vase, as its seal—a winged cupid—met her eye. But this gave place to an expression of intense self-loathing as she proceeded to read the delicately traced lines; her eyes drooped, and a crimson spot lay burning into each cheek, while her figure, but a moment before so upright and proud in its bearing, seemed to bend and become less tall under the load of self-contempt pressing down her haughty spirit. After she had learned the contents of the note, she stood for the space of a moment in this attitude of self-abasement, unmindful that his exulting eye was reading her changing countenance, and that the thoughts thronging within might not be such as befitted her to reveal. At length he spoke, and the sound of his voice aroused her to a sense of her situation; but instant self-possession was beyond her power.

'The queen of France,' he said, 'cannot be ignorant that this little bundle of papers places her entirely in my power.'

'Your power!' she murmured as if unconscious of what she was saying.

De Gouvion seemed touched by her state of resistless humiliation. In a softened and almost tender voice he said, 'Why do you by such scorn, force me to prove my power thus against my wishes? Return the note, and let it be forgotten that I have been compelled to make this unworthy use of it.' He extended his hand to receive the paper still open in hers; but as if suddenly restored to her proud self by the motion, she crushed it together, and with a gesture of contempt, dashed it down and trampled it into the Persian carpet.

'Thus,' she said vehemently, 'I spurn and defy your power.'

'Beware,' he retorted, turning pale with anger, 'beware, or I may be tempted to prove my power by making these public;' and with a pale compressed lip, he touched the packet with his finger.

'You dare not!' she replied, 'and even if you did, Louis would believe them forgeries.'

'I have not to learn how easily the weak king may be duped; but happily for me, the public is neither so blind, nor so complaisant, nor is Marie Antoinette so great a favorite among the secret democrats of France, that this precious little bundle would not be gladly received on their private council tables.'

The queen shrunk back, evidently startled by his threat. Though impudent and volatile in the extreme, she was far from being a weak-minded woman. In a moment she comprehended the danger of her position. Those little playful notes, written in the gaiety of her heart, still redolent with her favorite perfume, and looking as if manufactured from rose-leaves—those notes she saw might be made the instruments of incalculable mischief, if left in the possession of an enemy such as she knew the man before her would become, if allowed to leave her presence unconciliated, with the dangerous proof of her imprudence at his mercy. She was more than right in her fears. *Billets d'amour* from the queen of France to a member of her court, were unsafe documents to be abroad, when the nation was swiftly verging toward that revolution, which, like the curse of Cain, has left a stain of blackness affixed to her history which will darken and deepen there, so long as her name is heard among the nations of the earth. The virtues of a thousand Lafayettes could not bleach it a shade whiter; the devastations and boasted glory of a Bonaparte but serve to furnish another bead-roll to the sanguinary record. The greatness of her illustrious line of monarchs is overshadowed and rendered dim, by the hideous monster of anarchy, that swept its dark garment over the whole country, breathing atheism upon her altars—blasting her vineyards—tearing down her wine-presses, and setting up in their empty places guillotines, reeking with the innocent blood it thirsted for. France may become more prosperous, greater and better, than her sister kingdoms; yet posterity, when they read her history, will shudder as they turn to that page which tells of the time when she lay, like an unnatural monster, satiated and drunken with the blood of her own children—of the innocent, the beautiful, the young and the helpless—when her temples were turned into monuments of shame—when liberty became a base mockery—when the delicate ties of society were rent and crushed with a fearful hand, and indecencies were perpetrated boldly in the high places of the nation. At the time of our story the thunder of this moral earthquake was beginning to be heard louder and louder each day; but still the court lived on, as if ignorant of the warning. Hisses and groans mingled with the shouts of the people whenever the queen went abroad, and execrations were heaped upon her by the *canaille* of the metropolis. Her extravagancies were openly complained of. Grieved and amazed at her waning popularity, she had made an effort to regain it before her departure for her palace of Versailles. Finding but partial success she naturally drew about her the aristocrats of the court; and by the entertainments and profuse expenses by which she bound them to her, still farther exasperated the greater portion of the nation. The knowledge she had gained of the reigning discontent had been gathered from observation, and was necessarily imperfect. As yet none of those about her had ventured to hint at her unpopularity; but now, when suddenly told that secret meetings were held by her enemies, and menaced by one of her own subjects bold enough to break in upon her retirement, she felt that her danger must be imminent, and for a moment shrunk astounded from the conviction.

In seasons of danger and difficulty, Marie Antoinette was a truly great woman, quick to resolve and strong to execute. Since the last unmanly threat of her persecutor, she had been standing with one white hand resting on the marble table, and her eyes bent to the floor. She felt that she had given an imprudent liberty to her feelings, and collected all her womanly powers to charm away the evil. Raising her fine blue eyes from the shadow of their drooping lashes, she met the earnest gaze he had been silently fixing upon her, with one of those soft soul-subduing glances that had so enthralled his heart in past years, and a smile, arch and playful, lay upon her rich lips, like light upon a ripening pomegranate.

'So you will expose all my old follies unless I go on committing new ones. Well, whether I will or not, we must be friends;' and she gracefully extended one of the most beautiful hands in France.

De Gouvion hesitated and looked searchingly in her face for a moment; but her dissembling was perfection; not a shadow darkened her beautiful features, and a bright smile of apparent frankness and gaiety lighted them into transcendent loveliness of expression. Convinced of her sincerity, or rather bewildered by the fascination of her look and manner, he took the extended hand and pressed it fervently to his lips.

'And so, *mon ami*, you really thought me seriously angry,' she said, with a rich laugh, that filled the little room like the murmur of waters through a bed of violets; '*ma foi!* what a bravado you have become.'

'Forgive me,' he answered in some confusion, 'the thoughts of your displeasure drove me to desperation.'

She gaily interrupted him, and glancing at the notes in his hand, exclaimed, 'How you did threaten me about them; but *n'importe, Je vous pardonne. Voila!*' she added with another sweet laugh, pointing to the crushed note on the carpet as she glided to her former seat, and throwing one of the silken cushions to her feet, playfully commanded him to occupy it. He smiled and was about to seat himself by her side: but with another musical laugh she cried—

'Kneel, kneel, you are a rebel and must take a new oath of allegiance.'

Evidently delighted beyond measure, the young courtier gracefully bent his knee to the cushion, and pressed his lips with mock reverence to her extended hand.

'A tribute for your sovereign! a tribute!'

'What can I offer? he gallantly answered,' again touching her hand, 'my heart? but you have rejected that so often!'

'Any thing—these billets-doux, if you will.'

In spite of her efforts to prevent it, a slight tone of anxiety affected her voice, as she made this careless demand. He looked in her face, and a suspicious cloud darkened his brow. She saw it, and hastily added—

'No, no, I had forgotten they are your last hope—but the diamond on your little finger, that will do;' and she held out a taper finger to be circled by the ring.

He attempted to take off the gem she had demanded, but it was small and came over the joint with difficulty. The package of notes prevented a free use of his hand; and with his mind entirely engrossed by the refractory ring, he hastily twisted the braid of hair about them, and laid them on his knee. Quick as lightning the queen caught them up, and darting to the lamp held them in the blaze. Almost as quickly he sprang to his feet, and with an execration, caught her almost rudely about the waist, attempting to wrest the burning notes from her; but it was too late. She held them on high till the blaze enveloped her hand, and as he caught her wrist to force them from her, they fell in a shower of blackened fragments over the snowy table.

For the space of a minute after this bold act, the queen and her baffled lover stood face to face: she trembling with over-excitement, triumphant, yet half frightened at what she had done: and he, pale with a terrible anger, his lips bloodless, and a dusky flame seeming to glow through the blackness of his eye. The poor queen cowered and shrunk from that malignant look; she felt that she had made a deadly unrelenting enemy, and she was right. A proud man never forgives the woman who has deliberately exerted the winning power of her sex to deceive him. Wound his tenderness, arouse his jealousy, overwhelm him with reproaches, and he may overlook and excuse all. But make him the dupe of any design, let him feel that you have coldly spread out your fascinations for a selfish purpose, and he is lost to you forever; even if his heart could return to its allegiance, it would scarcely be worth the having. But a villain—meet his plot with a counterplot—match him in finesse—baffle his evil designs, and he is the most malicious of all bitter enemies. Marie Antoinette knew this to be true, and she quailed under the influence of that serpent-like eye. Not a word had been spoken: but that look was enough. She turned her eyes from his, and throwing herself on the cushions, buried her face in her hands and wept passionately. He looked on her as she lay, smiled a bitter malignant smile, picked up the crumpled note which she had forgotten on the carpet, and left the pavilion without speaking a word.

For some time the queen of France indulged freely in her tears; suddenly recollecting that her absence from the palace might be observed, she sprang up, hastily arranged the cluster of Bourbon lilies in her hair, threw the broken feather away, and left the pavilion.—Pausing by one of the fountains, she caught some of its falling drops in her little palm; and after bathing her eyes returned to the palace, smiling, self-possessed and graceful as she had left it. Among all who filled those gorgeous apartments not one appeared so gay as their queen. They little thought that a new and trembling fear lay on her heart like a coiled serpent, yet it was even so.

It was eleven in the morning, and yet the aristocratic and regal inmates of Versailles were buried in sleep. The palace gardens lay bathed in a flood of light, broken, under the trees and about the thickets, into irregular patches of cool shadowing, while here and there amid the green branches, burthened with its extinguished companions, a lamp still flickering on, or a withered garland trailing across the terrace, told of the last night's festival. All was lone and deserted, except the little pavilion we have already mentioned. There, seated on the cushions, still heaped as the queen had left them, was Gouvion; and by his side, with her slender hand in his, sat a dark-eyed melancholy girl, with a sad unandone cast of features, an expression upon them, as she bent her classical head toward him, which could not be mistaken. The young girl had poured her heart's love out recklessly to the man at her side. He was talking in a low persuasive tone, which had a kind of enthralling music in its whisperings; still he did not look in her face as he spoke; but his eyes glanced restlessly about the room, or were fastened on the marble table, still soiled with fragments of blackened paper.—He talked long and earnestly, and closed by saying, 'You promised, Adeline, to let no opportunity escape you, to be ever on the alert.'

She made no answer; but sat with her hands clasped in her lap, and tears rolling slowly down her cheeks.

'Why do you not answer, Adeline,' he exclaimed impatiently, 'have I not promised to make you my wife whenever [illegible]

'But you have promised so often before;' she answered, timidly raising her swimming eyes to his.

'But I will swear now—that must satisfy you;' and he raised a little crucifix hanging about her neck to his lips.

Adeline's eye brightened for an instant; then bursting into fresh tears she exclaimed, 'Indeed, indeed, I cannot injure her—she is so kind, so good!'

'I do not ask you to injure her—have I not told you that she will return to her own country, and live happily at her brother's court?'

'Are you certain this is all they intend?'

'Most certain.'

'And will you forsake that odious Madame Lamothe?'

'When this object is accomplished—until then I shall need her services.'

'Swear that you will leave her.'

'See, I do;' and again he kissed the crucifix; then holding it to his lips, he said, 'Now it is your turn—promise upon this, to observe my directions.'

The poor girl made a motion as if to obey him, and then shrunk back irresolute.

'Farewell then,' he exclaimed, dropping the crucifix in her lap and rising coldly, 'Madam Lamothe purposes——'

'Stop—oh do not go to her—see, I swear,' she cried, bending eagerly forward and pressing the cross to her lip with both hands.

'Promised like my own brave girl,' he cried, returning—'Now go the palace, and remember to bring me intelligence this evening,' and hurrying her to the door, he pressed her hand and returned into the pavilion. He had left it on the previous night for the secret haunts of such jacobins as were gathered in the neighborhood.—There he had forced back the pride of his aristocratic habits, and entered into all their debasing plans, adopting their detestable measures with the avidity of a scorned man thirsting for vengeance. All the night long he had been thus employed, and the morning found him as we have related, tempting with empty promises the favorite waiting-maid of the queen—one whom he had torn from the innocent places of her childhood, and whose pure spring of affections he had sullied in its first gushings. At the time of his first acquaintance with Adeline he was in high favor with the queen; and it was that he might place an unconscious spy over her actions, rather than from any pity for the deluded girl, which induced him to interest Marie Antoinette in her behalf, as the daughter of a deceased friend of his own. Thus for several years he had, by a series of trifling attentions to the lost girl, excited a constant hope that his heart would again return to her, while he had easily gleaned from her conversation and letters, all the information he wished with regard to the royal household. But to induce her to become an active agent in betraying the secrets of her royal mistress, he found more difficult than he had anticipated. However, he did succeed, as our reader is aware; and well satisfied with his success, left the royal gardens to prosecute his traitorous plans elsewhere.

After her interview with De Gouvion, Adeline let herself into the palace by a private entrance, and hastened through several luxurious anterooms to the queen's bed chamber. She listened a moment; then gently opening the door, stole softly through the rich artificial twilight, created and mellowed by the heavy purple drapery sweeping over the windows. Casting a wistful glance toward the royal couch, she breathed more freely, on seeing, through an opening in the curtain, the beautiful head of the queen, half buried in the frilled pillow, with a hand thrown under her damask cheek, and her neck-ruffles heaving with the respiration of a quiet sleeper. Adeline glided noiselessly to a table covered with ornaments hastily cast from the wearer, and thrown in brilliant confusion among unread petitions, perfumed sonnets, and empty jewel-boxes. She was carefully searching among the papers, when the rose colored drapery was flung suddenly from before the bed, and looking hastily up, she saw with terror that the queen was leaning on her pillow in a half sitting posture, and looking with astonishment upon her. Before she could speak the queen exclaimed, more hastily than was her wont—'Mademoiselle Adeline, why do you visit my bed chamber without a summons?'

Quick as thought the waiting woman was ready with an excuse. Taking an ivory casket from the table she held it up, saying, 'The jeweller of Paris wished me to submit this for your majesty's inspection—it is a necklace of rare diamonds, very beautiful—and he supposed your highness might wish for the first refusal of it.'

'Bring my dressing gown!' exclaimed the queen, eagerly throwing back the silken quilt, and thrusting her feet into the slippers of the previous night, 'draw up that curtain and give me the jewels!'

Adeline obeyed, and with almost childlike impatience, the queen, being hastily robed, gathered her dressing gown about her, and running to the unveiled window, through which the sunbeams were pouring, held the magnificent diamonds in their full blaze.

'Beautiful! beautiful!' she exclaimed, eagerly shaking them about, and the sunlight flashed and sparkled over them like a shower of prismatic fire—'They are absolutely dazzling—but the price, Adeline—at how much does Bossange value them?'

'At sixteen hundred thousand francs,' was the reply.

'It is too much, quite ruinous, yet I must have them—Who is that at the private door? Go and see, Adeline.'

The attendant obeyed, and returned, saying that the king wished to be admitted.

'Certainly,' replied the queen hastily, twisting her long brown hair into a kind of turban round her head, and gathering her dressing gown in graceful drapery over her neck—'tell his majesty I wait his presence, and then bring the young princes hither—their smiles must help purchase the diamonds for me.'

Adeline admitted the king, and then went to perform the queen's last command.

Louis had just returned from a meeting with his council, where the discontent of his subjects had been laid before him in a host of petitions, which he had no means of granting, yet which were couched in terms of complaint almost insulting. His brow was wrinkled, his eye dim, and his whole person careworn and dejected, as he entered the queen's apartment. He returned her greeting somewhat stiffly as she advanced to receive him, and sighing heavily, threw himself into a chair. The queen felt, instinctively, that his mood was unpropitious for her wishes; and closing the casket on the diamonds, she bent over his chair and sought to charm away his dejection; but for once she was unsuccessful. The gloom darkened on his brow, and shaking off the hand which she had laid on his shoulder, he left his seat and walked the room in evident perturbation. The queen's fears were awakened by his strange manner. The scene of the previous night flashed to her mind; and with a sinking dread of some new evil, she demanded of the agitated monarch the cause of his disorder. Before he could answer Adeline returned with two of the young princes. Casting off a portion of his gloom, Louis resumed his seat; and lifting the younger of the beautiful children to his knee, circled the other with his arm. The queen drew an ottoman to his feet, and passing an arm also round the young boy, pressed his round cheek to hers with the affectionate grace which was so becoming in her.

'Now,' she said, smoothing the little fellow's hair with her hand, and raising her bright face to the king's, 'Now, if we were a peasant family, living in a snug little cot at the foot of a hill, deeply by the vineyards which supported us, with a few goats and a garden, how happy we could be.'

'Would to heaven we were in so safe a shelter,' said the king fervently, 'for then I might gather my family about my humble hearthstone, without a fear of finding deceit and treachery in its bosom;' and the unhappy monarch bowed his face to his son's head, and a hot tear dropped among his sunny curls.

'But, papa,' said the elder boy, raising his face anxiously, 'if you work in a vineyard like the men I saw once, shall I be king then?'

'No, no,' interrupted the other eagerly, 'we'll carry grapes on our heads in a pretty basket, just as the little peasant boys do. Monsieur De Gouvion told me all about it.'

Louis hastily arose, and commanded Adeline to conduct the children from the room. He was no sooner obeyed than, turning abruptly to the queen, and taking a crumbled paper from his pocket, he demanded if that was her hand writing and seal. She glanced at both, and instantly recognized the note she had trampled in the pavilion the preceding night. The color forsook her cheeks, but she did not attempt a denial.

'They are both mine,' she faltered out.

'It is enough,' replied the king, turning away in more anger; but she caught his hand, exclaiming in an agitated voice—

'Louis, do not leave me with this odious note unexplained—though it make me appear guilty, I am not so—indeed I am not—listen, and I will tell you all, as if to my father confessor!'

The king looked incredulous, but suffered her to conduct him to a seat. She saw that his suspicions were the truth, and this emboldened and gave her eloquence. She began with the time when she had come to his father's court, a girl and a stranger, seeking the protection of a husband—she spoke of her disappointment when cold indifference met her in the place of affection; she passed rapidly over her first acquaintance with the Marquis de Gouvion; told how he first ingratiated himself into her favor, by the respectful reverence of his manner; how that reverence melted imperceptibly into pity for her loneliness, and then by insidious degrees verged into the forbidden confessions of love, but under the guise of Platonic friendship; then she had been led to answer his letters; and when he supposed her sufficiently entangled, his falsehood, his villany, had appeared, and she had hated him for his baseness. She begged the king to remember how sincerely she had met his own affections as soon as they were offered.—She spoke of her children—her passionate love for them—with deep and touching eloquence. She besought him to bear in mind that she had constantly avoided De Gouvion, since the first few years of her residence in France. Through her intercession he had been sent as minister abroad; and when at court, all the forms of ceremony had been constantly observed by her; this had excited his anger, and he had more than once threatened to expose her letter; thus forcing her to dissemble her dislike as much as possible. She finished by saying, that on the previous evening he had so persecuted her with solicitations and threats, that weary and disgusted she had sought solitude in the garden pavilion, whither he followed her, bold in the power her letters gave him. The scene in the pavilion was related, and every word given with such sincerity and genuine truth, that the king could not but believe. The letter in his hand was a corroboration of her narrative; and he felt that her imprudence had originated in his own early neglect, which had thrown her into the vortex of a voluptuous court, without the strong defence of a husband's love. His heart was relieved from suspicions that had eaten into his domestic happiness for years; and when the queen stopped speaking, and remained with her supplicating face raised to his, wet with tears and pale with anxiety—for in the eagerness of her vindication she had fallen on her knees before him—he drew her to his bosom, and pressed a kiss on her forehead more full of affectionate confidence than had ever rested there before.

What a moment is that when the mind is relieved of suspicion, when confidence springs into the heart with its gush of love, and the soul is tender as if dissolving into a new state of existence.

For two hours the royal pair remained together, he sharing his thoughts and cares with her as he had never done before, and she offering to make any sacrifice that promised to win back the confidence of the nation.

'I will do all, yield all,' she exclaimed with enthusiasm, 'and they must love me, they shall.' Alas, Marie Antoinette had no just knowledge of the French.

Louis left his queen's chamber, looking younger and happier than he had done for years. His domestic quiet was restored; the queen was willing, nay, eager to conciliate the people, and all must go well. He reasoned thus and was happy. Marie Antoinette felt as if the light-heartedness of her childhood had returned;—the confidence of her husband was hers, and what had she to fear from enemies? Her eyes fell on the forgotten casket of diamonds and filled with tears, not of regret that they could not be hers, but of a touched and swelling heart, too contented in itself not to wonder that they had appeared so desirable a few hours since.—Summoning Adeline, she gave her the jewels, ordering her to tell Bossange that she should prefer that the king should spend sixteen-hundred-thousand francs for a ship. Adeline was not surprised at the sudden change in her mistress, for she had contrived to become a listener to the late royal interview. Her naturally kind heart had been touched, and she resolved to take no farther part in De Gouvion's plans; but evening came—the temptation to see him was great—her appointment was met, and need I say how the remainder of her resolve was kept?

Three days passed away. De Gouvion had returned to his hotel in Paris, not daring to appear before the king after the intelligence Adeline had brought him. Amid the throng which crowded the gardens of the Tuilleries he was sauntering away the morning, as if only intent on passing the time, when his arm was touched by a slender and delicate boy wearing the king's livery.

'I am ready,' he said in a low voice, 'where is the letter?'

De Gouvion hastily placed a note in his hand. 'Pull the hat more over your forehead, and walk less timidly,' he said in a low hurried voice, and then turned away as if afraid of being observed.

The boy gave a startled look about; then pulling the hat over his eyes, hurried through the crowd out of the gardens, and turning down the Rue St. Honore, stopped at the hotel occupied by the Cardinal de Rohan, a prelate, at that time in disgrace with the queen.—The royal livery gained him instant admission; and following a servant up a wide flight of steps, he was ushered, unannounced, into the presence of the cardinal, a man about forty, heavy in person, with a countenance bespeaking high living and good nature, rather than intellectual superiority. He was in earnest conversation with a muffled female, and did not observe the royal messenger till he advanced almost to his elbow, and with painful embarrassment of manner presented a letter. The cardinal broke the seal, and his dull features instantly lighted up as he turned to the lady, exclaiming, 'I can no longer refuse you, madam; here is a request from our gracious queen herself; I will go to Bossange directly;' and he jumped up, rubbing his hands, and bustled by the royal page, exclaiming, 'My humble duty to her majesty, and tell her she shall be obeyed. Madam Lamothe, you shall hear from me;' and he hurried out of the room with most undignified haste.

The boy started and turned pale on hearing the name of the lady. He cast a quick penetrating glance at her, as she sat motionless on the corner of a sofa; but his curiosity was only gratified by a pretty foot peeping from under the folds of a velvet cloak, and a white hand gathering the thick veil more closely over her face. She sat still, and was evidently waiting for him to depart first. He did so, and met the Marquis de Gouvion a few paces from the door. His inquiring glance was answered by a bow, and the page stepped into a diligence just starting for Versailles.

Early the next morning the same page was closeted with the cardinal; the ivory casket before mentioned, together with a pile of bills bearing the queen's signature, lay on a table; and the prelate was reading a letter which the boy had just brought him; his face was flushed to a deep red, and the paper in his hand trembled with the delight which was shaking his nerves.—Hastily interrupting himself, he took up the casket; and thrusting it into the boy's hand, bade him hasten with it to the queen. The boy thrust it into his bosom and instantly departed, leaving the cardinal to peruse his letter, and to wonder how it could happen that the queen should, unsought, make an appointment with him, whom she had always hated; but that she had done so was certain; the proofs were in his hand; and with boyish delight he summoned his valet, and prepared to give her the appointed interview.

Meanwhile the page had entered a hotel in a neighboring street, and hurriedly demanded of an attendant if the Marquis de Gouvion was within. He was answered in the affirmative; and without waiting to be announced, rushed up a flight of stairs to that nobleman's dressing-room, and throwing down the casket, exclaimed,—

'Here are the jewels—now my oath is accomplished.'

'Not quite,' replied the nobleman, drawing the panting boy toward him; 'but what a pretty boy she makes,' he added, laughing and removing his hat from a mass of glossy black braids which it concealed.

A half suppressed smile dimpled the mouth of the blushing counterfeit; and nestling closer to the nobleman's side, she laid her cheek on his arm and murmured, 'Oh De Gouvion, why do you strive to make me more wicked?—I shall never be happy again.'

'Nonsense, nonsense, girl,' he exclaimed, playfully shaking her head from his arm, 'but come, and let me see if my Adeline can play the queen as bravely as she does the page; in that room you will find every thing necessary for the disguise.'

'But, De Gouvion, I dare not—remember, my hair is black, and I am less tall than the queen,' said the disguised girl pleadingly.

'No matter—put on false hair, dress it high on the head, and the difference will never be observed by that blind [illegible] of a cardinal.'

Adeline reluctantly withdrew, and in about half an hour returned completely metamorphosed, in a full dress of amber satin, looped up from her rounded arms by strings of pearls, and falling from her graceful shoulders in [illegible] of wrought lace. Over her [illegible] ringlets of dark-brown hair, a bird-of-paradise feather swept her magnificent [illegible]; and a superb veil, of the finest Brussels lace, fell like a mist about her person. De Gouvion met her with a feeling of genuine admiration, as she drew the veil back from her face, now surprisingly lovely. The exquisite fairness of her complexion, harmonized finely with the bright ringlets of her [illegible] a rich color, like that in the heart of the [illegible] beneath the whiteness of her cheek; [illegible]

'By heaven [illegible] you are scarcely surpassed by the woman you represent, though not at all like her,' exclaimed De Gouvion, cautiously, 'and the diamonds, you have won and shall wear them.'

She bent her head, and clasped the sparkling [illegible] round her throat; then drawing down her veil he led her to a carriage waiting in the street below. As the carriage rolled along toward Versailles, the [illegible] girl resolutely cast away all thoughts of her errand, and drawing close to her companion, nestled her little hand timidly into his, and indulged in the delirious happiness which his presence created. And should she remain with him thus for life, live with him, ever have him thus by her side? Her breath came gaspingly as she thought of it. She could scarcely realize that it was not a dream; and yet he had promised—nay, sworn to make her his wife that very night. She was going then to commit a crime of base ingratitude against her benefactress; to dip her soul still deeper in evil; and yet such was her infatuation that she thought the sacrifice too small to purchase the delight of sitting by his side; there alone, with her hand in his, and nothing but the pure stars looking down upon them. Alas for the woman whose soul has so lost its anchorage, that it turns to an earthly object as to an idol; and doubly alas, when she trusts to find happiness when virtue and principle are overwhelmed by the rush of human passion.

It was near midnight when De Gouvion conducted Adeline to a private gate of the palace gardens. 'Compose yourself—do not tremble thus,' he said, pressing her hand in his as she was about to pass in, 'remember all depends on your self possession.'

She made an effort to gather courage. 'Where shall I find you after this meeting with the cardinal?' she whispered. He mentioned the place.

'And there you will perform your promise?' she added, almost gasping for breath, so intense was her anxiety.

'Have I not sworn?'

'Yes, yes, I am—I will be [illegible]' and [illegible] her hand from his, she entered the garden, and hurried up a broad walk, called the Queen's Avenue.

It was a beautiful starlight night, and before she had walked many paces, she plainly discerned the outline of a man, whom she knew must be the cardinal, leaning against a tulip tree, the spot appointed in the forged letter; and punctual to the appointment he supposed himself to have made with the queen. Adeline was hastening to join him when the voice of Marie Antoinette arrested her. She crouched, trembling, behind a statue, till the queen, who with her sister-in-law, was taking her usual walk before retiring, had passed off in another direction; then she started up and hurried toward the tree, against which the cardinal was leaning. He also had heard the voice of the queen; and as the forged letter had said, that she would leave her companions a moment and render him her thanks for the purchase of the diamonds, he supposed it to be her when he saw a splendidly dressed female approach with the usual air and gait of Marie Antoinette, wearing her perfume, and sparkling with gems. He dropped on his knees, and lost in delight, kissed the hand of the disguised Adeline; and received, with an elated heart, the few words of graceful acknowledgment she whispered, and then she darted off as if afraid of being observed. Lost in an ecstasy of vanity he remained, kneeling in the grass, with his eyes following her receding figure, till the flutter of her dress was lost in the shrubbery; then he left the garden, without one suspicion that he had not been honored with an interview by the queen of France.

Immediately after leaving the duped cardinal, Adeline hastened to the house, where De Gouvion had promised to meet her. The street door was ajar, and pushing it open, she entered a lighted room on the ground floor. There was a slight bustle at her approach; and she caught a glimpse of female drapery, as it disappeared through an opposite door. De Gouvion advanced eagerly to meet her; and seizing both her hands, exclaimed,

'Bravely done, my girl;—but was he deceived?—how did the old fool act?'

The panting girl could only answer; 'It is over De Gouvion, and now your promise—why are you silent—where is the priest?'

'Why how impatient you are!' he answered smiling, 'Talk no more of it to night—you are too much agitated.'

As De Gouvion replied, the girl turned very pale, and [illegible] 'Did you not swear to make me your wife this night?'

'Even so,' he replied carelessly.

'Then why do you speak of delay?'

'Because it happens to suit my convenience.'

'And it may suit your convenience to break a solemn oath altogether,' she exclaimed indignantly.

'Perhaps so, and what then my pretty termagant?'

Suddenly the young girl became calm, a cool determined expression shot into her eye, and the little remaining color vanished from her lips. Deliberately unclasping the necklace, she gathered it tightly in her hand; and then looking the nobleman steadily in the face, said, in the quiet, deep tone of resolution,

'De Gouvion, redeem your oath now—this hour—or, as I live, this string of diamonds, together with all the particulars appertaining, shall be in the possession of King Louis, before to-morrow's sun!'

De Gouvion was evidently surprised and alarmed. He at first attempted to pacify her with promises; but was only answered by the little hand clenched over the jewels and uplifted threateningly, and that one expression—'your oath—your oath.' Then he boldly acknowledged, that only such ties as existed could ever bind them. No religious vow was recognized by him. He mocked at her faith in an oath, taken in the face of the Most High, and boldly proclaimed himself one of the class of atheists, that like a poisonous plant has spread its roots from the bosom of France into our beloved land, withering and blasting whatever it entwines.

This blasphemy only served to strengthen his victim in her purpose. She was turning away to put her threat in execution, when the door behind her was softly opened, and a female, the matured counterpart of herself, crossed the room, laid her hand on the retiring girl's shoulder, and leaning her head, whispered—'Adeline!' That voice! it thrilled through her heart like the burst of a dream-like melody, bringing in its tones—the cot on the hill side, the burthened vineyard—the fountain by the rock—the quiet hearthstone—her gray-haired parents, and all that had made the sweet vision of her childhood. It seemed as if a part of her innocence had been returned to her, as she wound her arms convulsively round the stranger, and clung to her bosom sobbing like a sick infant, on the return of its mother. Thus she lay for a few moments, and then raising her wet face, murmured, in a voice of touching sweetness,

'Our parents, Louisa, are they alive? have they forgotten me?'

'They are both alive,' replied the stranger, slightly moved.

'Tell me, Louisa, tell me truly—do they never speak of me?—oh sister! sister! if I could once more sleep in our little chamber—in our own bed, with your arms about me! But why are you here?' she exclaimed, wildly springing from her sister's bosom, 'have you too deserted our parents in their old age?—why are you here in De Gouvion's lodgings?'

'You are mistaken, Adeline,' said the person interrogated. 'I am married—I am the Madame Lamothe you have so hated.'

'And what have you in common with *him*?' replied Adeline, pointing sternly to De Gouvion, who sat coldly observing the scene.

'Patriotism—republicanism—the cause of liberty which you have been blindly aiding in procuring these diamonds, every one of which shall go to promote the glorious emancipation of our country [illegible].'

'Alas, my [illegible], when will this be done?' exclaimed Adeline, 'but I will never [illegible] confess—'

'And by so doing destroy your own sister?' said Madam Lamothe.

Adeline stopped—her face changed—her fingers relaxed their hold on the diamonds, and they fell, a glittering mass, to her feet. 'I am every way bound,' she exclaimed in agony of feeling, 'every way forced to do wrong;' then placing her hands against Madam Lamothe, she held her back at arm's length, and fixing her eyes searchingly on her immoveable features, said,

'Louisa, as you shall hope for mercy, answer me truly—do you now, or have you ever loved the Marquis De Gouvion?'

'As I hope for mercy hereafter, no!'

'And this bond, which you call republicanism, is the only tie between you?'

'It is.'

'Were you acquainted with the false promises by which I was won to the stealing of these?' Adeline again [illegible], spurning the pile of gems with her foot.

'I was,—and did the glorious cause in which we are engaged, require the spilling of my own blood, [illegible] of my parents, instead of your weak tears, it should be cheerfully poured forth.'

The mention of her parents turned the channel of the [illegible] girl's thoughts. Her heart, her cherished [illegible]

[illegible]

the street, then taking a little bundle of linen in her hand she departed.

Marie Antoinette had missed her favorite attendant, at her hour of disrobing that night; and had been asleep about an hour, when a light noise, as if of the closing of a door, awoke her. She thought she had been dreaming, that her protegé stood softly by her bed-side, [illegible] that she had wept bitterly, and covered one of her hands with tears and passionate kisses. The queen rose up and looked about—the room was empty—but the hand which had been hanging over the side of the bed was wet, as if it had indeed been wept upon. The next morning Adeline came not, as usual, to the summons of her royal mistress.

It was the third night after her departure from Versailles, when the returned penitent stood, weary and faint, at her father's doorstone. All was dark in the cottage, for it was near midnight; the stars gathered thickly in the heavens, and shed a cold light on the vine which crept over the thatched roof; and the music of the passing brook fell soothingly on the wanderer's ear. Thrice she raised her hand to knock at the rude door, but each time her courage failed her. She had eaten nothing that day; and her heart thrilled with a strange pleasure, as she groped amid the dark leaves of the vine she had plucked fruit from in childhood, and satisfied her hunger with one of its purple clusters. With her heart full, almost to bursting, she laid her little bundle down for a pillow; and stretching herself on the door-stone, slept calmly and sweetly as she had not done for years; dreaming that the murmur of the rivulet, as it gurgled by, was the hushing of her mother's voice.

Early in the morning there was a stir in the cottage.—The old peasant had arisen to his daily labor, and his wife, an aged woman, broken down with grief and infirmity, was preparing the morning meal. It was a grievous sight—that old couple sharing the labors of their deserted home, and consoling each other for the ingratitude of their children—children who had forsaken them in their old age; the one for ambition, the other for the arms of a stranger. The old man opened the door to go out, and there, upon the rough stepping stone, lay his last born asleep. The rising sunbeams were streaming over her in a sheet of brilliancy, brightening her features and drowning the changes years had made upon them; her dark lashes lay softly on her cheek, and a sweet, contented smile, like that of her infancy, was about her mouth. The joyful old man grew suddenly strong, and lifting her in his withered arms bore her to her mother's bed. When the poor wanderer awoke, her hand was in that of her father; the tears of her mother were raining over her face, and her cheeks were warm with kisses.

Who will dare to say that there is no happiness for the penitent female?

* * * * * * *

When Marie Antoinette was brought to her shameful trial, among other charges, that of having artfully prevailed upon the Cardinal De Rohan to purchase an expensive necklace of diamonds, were brought against her. It was stated, that she had paid the cardinal in bills, bearing her signature, which she afterwards pronounced forgeries, and had prevailed on Louis to banish the prelate for his share in the transaction. Madame Lamothe bent over from the galleries, and listened to this base charge with an unmoved countenance; while the Marquis De Gouvion sat calmly among her selfconstituted judges, secure in his villainy; for Adeline, the only witness of their guilt, and the queen's innocence, slept in an early grave, by the side of her parents.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOURTH TRIP TO ROXBURY.

Mr. Editor—I have noted some of the singular facts and incidents in relation to this rapidly changing town. I would correct a few typographical errors which happened in some of my past numbers—such as the freezing to death of a man and his team—it was the winter of 1780, memorable for great snows. The snow was over all fences—and covered with a crust so hard, that travellers went with loaded teams direct from Boston to Watertown across the Bay and Charles River. This became so much a highway that a grog shop was established on it. Another error was—a *land office* was a *Lawyer's office* over a small stream, and was reported to go by water—they might have said, (by wind) and prevented a mistake. But to my object—I took the 4th of July to make my last trip to the old Tavern in which I once resided, all was bustle and confusion; I looked at the church, but it was not the same with a cannon shot hole through the Belfry which was once an object of curiosity—the inside was filled to overflowing [illegible], but the venerable Parson with his desk books and solemn countenance, the much beloved friend of my early youth, was not there—I stood at the door and in silent wonder, surveyed the change which were apparent. At the north were factories and villages of various names and characters—one called *Mill Dam* Village—another, Bills Village—these seem to me to be a matter of *creation* as they have grown up from the watery waste. Southerly is Dudley Square—in my day it was the sacred field or pasture of Governor Sumner. This was a thing whereby hung a tail, that is, it was *entailed*—and the late Earl Dudley recovered it—and it has been said that the Sumner Family removed from Town in consequence of the disappointment—I changed my position and stood at the west end of the same church. Here I feasted.

The house built by Joseph Ruggles, has been converted into a hotel. I am told that it contains an immense Hall and all other parts were scrimped up to make room for it—like a child's head affected with the rickets, which is drawn into all kinds of shapes but preserves an eating place, so this building was distorted into a shapeless mass—to make a place for children to dance.

The old store—"Ruggles & Pierpont's" about which Representatives and Selectmen were always to be found sitting on heads of casks, with a newspaper in one hand and a toddy mug in the other—cutting out and making up national destinies—has ceased to *sell rum*—I passed a barber's shop whose name was *Corporal*. Thinks I to myself, he must be a descendant of *Corporal Trim*—his pole was about a yard in length and should be held forth in the neighborhood of Cambridge colleges for it might become a walking stick for some roguish student. Soon I came to the residence of the late Madame Ruggles—this is the very house in which the officers of the right wing of the American army quartered during the seige in 1775—The spot on which the pavilion was erected—many a time and oft has been trodden by the feet of Gens. Ward and Thomas; there they retired to hold consultations in 1775, to bring about a state of things worthy of a splendid celebration in 1836.

At this moment an omnibus past me called the Eliot—named for the Apostle—but as his name was misspelled—there is no danger of the good old Saints' claiming the coach as his own. I fell in with an old friend and rode to the Punch Bowl. The old Tavern at the bottom of the hill called in my day the 'Burrell Tavern,' has been demolished; gambling and drinking, swearing and eating were the business of the house, *high low Jack* and the *game* was the language of its visitants. I passed the *Convent*, or as seems most familiar to me, the Robert Pierpont house, who owned it and was sent to the State Prison for scutling a ship.

The Punch Bowl is no more: a growth of neat buildings has succeded—and the pollutions of the old establishment, are not visible—the place was famed for being the focus of most of those vices which degrade our nature. Many a Father's heart has been wrung with anguish, and many a mother has been forced to shed a flood of tears, by means of the moral stains which their sons received at that noted Academy of misery and pollution. I hastened back to the city; and as this is my farewell to my Town for which I shall ever cherish the highest respect—I must say a parting word. I rejoice that the whole moral as well as physical condition of the place has been changed—drunkenness was once common; now—do I speak the truth when I assert, that on the 4th not a man was disguised with liquor. I say this, I saw no one. They attend the church now—once, many went no further than the Tavern door. You have become a rich and numerous people; strive to raise your moral standard and unto [illegible] mental improvement, send your children to school, but above all restrain them from indulging in drinking and profanity. When I come again, you will no doubt be a city; may intelligence and virtue keep pace with your improvement.

SIMON PURE.

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1836.

To Authors.—The publishers of the New England Galaxy offer in Prizes for literary contributions

One Hundred and Fifty Dollars,

as follows—For the best Tale, One Hundred Dollars; for the second best Tale, Twenty-Five Dollars; and for the best Poem, Twenty-Five Dollars, the subject and length to be at the discretion of the writers. In addition to which they will forward the Galaxy *gratis* for one year to the Authors of such unsuccessful Tales as shall be deemed worthy of publication. Manuscripts must be handed in, *free of postage*, before the 1st of October, during which month the award will be made by a committee of literary gentlemen.

Land Speculations!—The rage for speculation in lands, which has inoculated our citizens for a year or two past, has undoubtedly exposed many whose zeal outran their judgment, to the deceit of knaves, who have cheated them of their money and laughed at them into the bargain. Some have executed their vile schemes skilfully—some bunglingly; some have have made the world laugh by their cool impudence—others have excited indignation by their rascally falsehoods.

But the best attempt, or rather the worst, which has come to our knowledge, occurred only a day or two ago in this city, and as we have not in law phrase, the *fear* of man before our eyes, at least of any personal consequences for telling the plain truth, adhering to the old maxim—'Tell the truth and shame the devil,' we will give the pretty transaction in full, with the names of the parties concerned, that the world may know how to treat the honest men when they would make a second bargain.

A friend, who keeps a store in Washington street, has for sometime past advertised a coach for sale. On Wednesday morning last, a man entered the store and the following confab took place:

'I understand you have a coach to sell.'

'Yes sir, I have, and you can have it if you wish, for —— dollars.'

'Well, I want it, and I don't suppose you are particular about having cash—I've got some some land in Lincoln, N. H. that I'd like to exchange for it.'

(Here he pulled out a plan sketched with a pen evidently *for the purpose*.) Here's a map of the town, that I just sketched so as to shew the location. It's prime timber land, 12 00 to the acre; and here is a large river runs nearly to it. The lots contain 100 acres each. There now, is one with the river running right through it, for a dollar an acre.'

The conduct of the man, the willingness to trade without seeing the coach, and the circumstances combined, made our friend regard this land owner in rather an unfavorable light, but he humored him.

'Well, but after you deduct in this lot what the river takes up, how much *land* will be left?'

'Oh, the river don't take up much—*none* of any consequence.'

Our speculator was getting into a snarl. He had evidently counted considerably for his success upon the good river.

'Oh, it dont, I thought *from the sketch*, that it took up about half, my fifty acres; but I suppose you were not *very particular* about the sketch being well proportioned.'

At this moment, another entered the store and looked for a time carelessly about at the goods, then casting his eye on the sketch, said to the other:

'What have you there?'

'A map of land.'

'Land! where is it?'

'Up in Lincoln, New Hampshire.'

'Oh, I traded for some once in the Elkins tract, and did well with it. Is yours in the Elkins tract?'

'No—but its close to it. There's the Elkins tract and here is mine.'

'Well, I don't know but I should like to trade for one of them lots. If you'll take a horse, I've got a prime one, I'll trade. You'd better look at the horse. He's at Utley's stable in Hanover street, opposite the American house.'

'Well, I can find it, *for I put up at that house*.'

So out went the *stranger* and the speculator continued.

'Now about your coach Sir. *This lot* I *can't recommend*; but *this* I think you'd do well with.'

'Well, I should like to make some enquiries. Is there any body in the city knows any thing about it?'

'Yes—there's a man in Commercial street I sold some to.'

'Well, call in this afternoon and I'll talk about it.'

The speculator, then went out undoubtedly imagining that he had found good game. Upon his exit the clerk of our friend said to him,

'Do you know those men?'

'No—who are they?'

One is called Isaacs, and the other is Capt. Champney of New Ipswich, N. H.

* * * * * * * * *

In the afternoon, in came Isaacs.

'Well, says he, I traded with that man for his horse, and I've got another one since to match him. He give me his horse and twenty-five dollars to boot. Now I'd like to trade with you for the coach.

'Why' answered our friend 'I don't like to buy New Hampshire land, unless I go on to it, and see it myself.'

'Well, you come up to my place, I'll take you up to it any time.'

'Where is your place?'

'New Ipswich.'

New Ipswich! then you are acquainted with the man that wanted to trade with you this morning.'

'No—I don't know him—I never saw him before.'

Don't know him!—Why, he belongs in your town.'

'No he don't belong there.'

'How large a place is New Ipswich. How many inhabitants has it?'

'About 1700.'

'Oh I did't know that. You cant be expected to know every body, *in so large a place*.'

(Our friend here addressed the clerk.)

'Mr P——, didn't you say that man who was in here this morning belonged to New Ipswich?'

'Yes Sir. His name's Capt. Champney.'

'Oh your mistaken entirely, said the speculator. He don't belong there.'

'I'm positive of the fact sir, for when I went to the New Ipswich Academy, I boarded at the same house with him.'

This was a poser. Our speculator was unharnessed and exposed. He dropped his paper, and for a moment looked around evidently feeling himself in no enviable predicament; then with an insinuating smile, he said.

'Well, I guess we must drop the Land story—*I can't make that go*.'

Any further details of the conversation are unnecessary. Where two men combine to defraud another by such pretences as these, they render themselves amenable to justice, and we thank the gentleman on whom the trick was attempted for his kindness in informing us of it, that at least the proper exposure may be made.

A 'dropper in' informs us that the whole town of Lincoln isn't worth a fourpence. It's in the predicament of the city of Needham—where the bumblebees have to get down on their knees to get at the clover, and the grasshoppers get up on a mullen stalk, and look over forty acres with tears in their eyes. Lincoln is all rock, and only good on the principle, that the nearer the bone the sweeter the meat.

POSTMASTERS AND NEWSPAPERS.

Nothing is more vexatious than to receive letters from a subscriber to a newspaper, informing the publisher that he does not receive his paper, when they have the consciousness that it is regularly mailed to him.—Our brethren undoubtedly often suffer with ourself in this respect, and the conclusion forced upon us, although we do not wish to entertain an evil opinion of any of Uncle Sam's officers, is, that the fault is at some Post Office in the direction complained of. We have in some instances instituted a rigid investigation of the matter, and have frequently brought delinquencies home to Postmasters: and should ere this have made some denouncements to Uncle Sam, had not our natural good nature prevented us.

We found one instance of a Postmaster who sorted his mails with the utmost non chalance and carelessness imaginable. His eyes are none of the best and he probably never read through his spelling book. He takes up papers, considering them as matters of no great consequence, looks at the direction, and if it be in a good round school-boy hand he can make it out—otherwise he turns it over, scowls at it, and gives it a toss upon the floor like a bundle of rubbish—and that is the last of it.

In another instance, the Postmaster betrayed himself. He is an officer in a large manufacturing city not thirty miles from Boston, to which we send some forty papers every Sunday mornings' mail. A subscriber called at our office and informed us that he did not get his paper. "It is sent to our certain knowledge" answered we.—"No, it cannot be," returned he, for the Postmaster informed me that *it did not come*. The next day we took from the Post Office a regular printed Postmaster note from the very city, desiring to us to "stop Mr. So and So's paper, for it was not taken out. Reason—not called *for*. This was the very subscriber with whom we had had the conversation, and we wrote to the careless Postmaster a pretty severe letter to which he has not condescended to make any explanatory reply; [illegible] which we feel disposed to give his name in full. [illegible] other case, and the cause of this article, has just come to our notice. We have so often had these complaints, softness is out of the question and we are determined openly to ferret out the truth. The subscriber who makes the complaint is a lady, a resident of Augusta, Me. She informs us, that she has a box at the Post Office, but that she gets only about a third of her papers. When they do come, they are found in the box *without an envelope, several days after they are due*, and tumbled as if they had been read. *Fortunately* for a clear investigation of the matter, we have but this one subscriber in Augusta—(a kind of fortune for which we are not often grateful,) and there can be no mistake. We wish therefore to address the following plain interrogations to Mr Wirt the Postmaster at Augusta.

Sir: Can you give any explanation of this matter which shall satisfy us and our aggrieved subscriber?

Have you not a reading room under your superintendance? Do you not put the Galaxy therein before you deliver it to our subscriber?

If the envelope were taken off elsewhere than in your office, how would any other Postmaster know where to send the paper?

How would you know what box to put the paper into, with the envelope off, unless it be taken off through your knowledge?

We ask for information. We understand that you have a reading room, but we have no intention of *intimating* that the paper is placed therein. We ask for knowledge.

It is right that our subscribers should know that we are faithful in sending the paper; and when we discover any appearances of deceit towards them and ourselves we shall make a public investigation of the fact.

We have repeatedly noticed in the papers, statements relative to the condition of the atmosphere on Thursday and Friday of last week—and the haziness has been attributed to the *smoke* from fires in Maine and elsewhere—we must offer a different solution of the mystery. In the first place the wind during those two days veered between south-east and south-west, and it seems to us an absolute absurdity to suppose that a stream of smoke should contend successfully over two hundred miles of space, against a contrary wind. But it is agreed that the haziness of the atmosphere in Maine, was much greater than with us, and that this fact argues in favor of the theory which we have termed absurd.

But let us go on a little—some have said that though the wind below was southerly, there might be an upper current, and that the smoke was borne upon that—we say again, that this ground cannot be maintained; for, in the first place, the particles which compose the smoke, must as soon as they reach the atmosphere above the water, have become condensed in the lower temperature, and sunk—for it is well known that it is only by its heat that smoke is rendered light enough to ascend, and that it falls as soon as it becomes condensed—but we have another objection to the above theory; we cannot conceive, that a current of air passing (as the proposed upper current must pass) over such an extent of water should not be the more dense of the two—and it would be a double absurdity to suppose that a heavier stratum of air should be upbuoyed by a lighter stratum.

We account for the phenomenon in this way—the earth had become come completely saturated with the recent rains—and it required but a day or two of sunshine to cause the evaporation of a vast quantity of moisture, which, suspended to a considerable height in the atmosphere, obscured the rays of the sun, and imparted to it the peculiar tinge which it exhibited; the remarkable *dews which fell* the two subsequent nights, and the quantity of moisture which the earth and grass absorbed during the afternoons confirm our supposition.

The haziness in Maine, may *have been increased* by greater evaporation, or a mist from the ocean, and the very south wind of which we speak, convey to it, the exhalations from this section of the country. But we are not obstinate—*facts* will upset us—and we aim to be convinced.

Maxims.—The world may accuse thee but not condemn thee; if thy conscience accuse thee, it will surely condemn thee.

A *vow*, a *promise* and a *resolution*, tend to the same moral point; the first is between man and God, the second between man and man, the third between man and *his own* soul. All impose a sacred obligation.

Beware of flattery—distasteful *truth* is more wholesome to thee than deceptive *sweetness*.

The uses of misfortune—if thou hast lost thy wealth, much anxiety and trouble has gone with it—if deprived of worldly honor, envy ceases to annoy thee—if sickness impair thy beauty, it has also abated thy pride; he has indeed lost but little, who has saved himself.

He who never *fears*, is desperate; he who always fears is a coward.

If guilt oppress thee keep it to thyself. Little minds, like little vessels, soon run over—great minds will never annoy by pouring out their unwelcome contents unasked.

Bunker Hill Monument. Alas for it! We fear that it will never lift its head proudly on high. The Corporation has published a statement of the debts of the Corporation, and they amount to $30,000! This has chilled the hopes and energies of the most sanguine. All would have come forward with their mite, could they have been sure it would contribute to the completion of the monument; but our citizens shrink back from liberality when it is to be engulphed by the payment of old debts. Alas for the monument!

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Old World and the New—by Orville Dewey. New York: Harper & Brothers. Boston: Russell, Shattuck & Co. The pure and classical writings of Mr Dewey are well known to our community, and these volumes will be hailed by many with the certainty that their expectations of its excellence will be well satisfied. Undoubtedly they will be. Mr Dewey has written in a very plain style, and, at times, has neglected to polish to the extent which would be desirable. He has, too, sometimes indulged in a simplicity of style and thought which diminishes the pleasure of the reader, but we welcome the book as a *whole*.

Madrid in 1835—by a Resident Officer. This handsome volume may be found on the counter of Light & Stearns, Cornhill, the Agents for the Publishers, Messrs Saunders & Otley, New York and London. This is one of the issues of this firm, who wish to make the experiment of simultaneously issuing their works in England and America. This book we must say we admire. We gathered much clear, distinct information from its pages. The style is strong, graphic and simple, and flows easily with the current of thought. Two plates adorn the book.

My Aunt Pontypool.—Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, Boston: Russell, Shattuck & Co. An odd name, which prompts one to read the book, but there is nothing to sustain the curiosity. The style is of a low grade, the invention meagre, and we soon took leave of Aunt Ponty.

Russia and the Russians.—From the same Publishers. This work is by Leigh Richie, an established author. We have not had an opportunity even to glance at its pages, but his fame as a graphic writer is a great security for its excellence. We need, too, information respecting Russia. We can obtain it here. Russell, Shattuck & Co. have it.

In the same relation do we stand to 'Camperdown, or News from our Neighborhood,' published by Carey, Lea & Blanchard. It is a neat volume—well printed and bound.

Russell, Shattuck & Co, have just laid on our table—'The Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of Horse,' and 'The Devoted, a Novel by Lady Bury.' A more particular notice next week.

THE DRAMA.

Mr Dowton closed on the last night of the season, on Friday. The evening was very hot, and the house thin.—Poor Dowton was very ill, and could barely get through his parts, without exhibiting any of those touches which have so often delighted. He is a fine old man, and we hope to see him in good health the coming year. On the whole the Drama at the Tremont during the past season has been of a superior character. The stock company of themselves have been a host, and the stars who have made flying visits have completed the attractions. The company will be materially changed for the coming year. Many of our standbys leave, and their places must be supplied by new faces. If they have half the talent of those whose places they are to fill, they will be superior performers.

Theatrical Chit chat. Burton has had a benefit at the Chesnut Street. The Saturday News says that he drew one of the most brilliant and crowded houses of the season, although the night was excessively oppressive and sultry, and when called upon for a speech, he delivered himself in the following neat and amusing manner:—

'Ladies and Gentlemen—Your presence here this evening gives me another opportunity of repeating my oft-told tale of thanks. I did not expect such a *scorcher* of a house during this excessively *hot* weather; but I am proud of the *warmth* of your patronage, and trust you will never have occasion *to look cool* on me. There is an old saying that every dog has his day—I look upon this as one of my *dog days*, and be assured that I shall never be such an ungrateful *puppy* as to turn round and *bark* at the hands which have caressed me.'

Power was in Liverpool, in May, playing a farewell engagement. He has two new pieces which are very popular. 'O'Flannin and the Fairies,' and 'King O'Neil.'

'Mob, the Outlaw,' at the Franklin, and 'Rienzi' a the Bowery, are still running.

It is rumored that Charles Kemble and Macready have taken Covent Garden for next season, which will be opened under their joint management.

Malibran is at Drury Lane; but, so far, is not so successful as last season.

SELECTED SUMMARY.

Municipal.—At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen on Monday—

Resolved, That the thanks of the City Council be presented to Henry W. Kinsman, Esq., for the eloquent, patriotic, and instructive oration this day delivered by him before the city authorities, and that the mayor be requested to ask a copy for the press.

Resolved, That the thanks of the City Council be presented to the choir of the Boston Academy of Music for their skilful performance of the pieces selected, and to professors Mason and Webb, for their judicious choir, and very tasteful direction and execution of the appropriate music of the day.

Resolved, That the thanks of the City Council be presented to the City Guards for the voluntary escort of the city authorities, &c., this day.

Chamber street, Fleet street, and the upper part of Hanover street to be repaved.

Whereas this Board has received information of the death of that eminent patriot and distinguished statesman, James Madison, formerly President of the United States, which happened at his place of residence in Montpelier, in the state of Virginia, on the 28th ultimo—Thereupon resolved, that the bells of this city be tolled one half hour, tomorrow, at 12 o'clock at noon.

Adjourned to Monday next, at 4 o'clock P. M.

Six days later from Europe.—By the packet ship North America, Capt. Dixey, arrived at New York, London papers to May 31st, and Liverpool to the 1st of June, both inclusive, have been received.

The British Parliament had resumed its sittings.

Agitation and outrage is the order of the day in Ireland.

Cordova, one of the Queen's Generals, has gained a victory over a considerable body of Carlists.

Dissolution of the Spanish Cortes.—In the Paris Moniteur of the 27th, we find the following important intelligence from Madrid—

'A telegraphic despatch makes known that on the 23d of May M. Isturiz took up to the two Chambers a decree by which the Cortes are dissolved. The two Chambers separated immediately. Tranquillity remains undisturbed in Madrid. The papers of the 19th announce that the Ministry had been completed by the appointment of M. Barrio Ayuso to the Department of Justice.'

London, May 31.—The Moniteur of Sunday publishes the following news from Navarre, in corroboration of the statement which appeared in the Journal de Paris of the previous evening:

'Cordova left Vittoria on the 21st, at the head of three divisions. After an engagement, in which the Carlists were thrown back upon Onate, and in which they experienced considerable loss, he occupied the heights of Sierra de San from Adrian to Arausazu. Simon de la Torre, who commanded the Carlists, was grievously wounded. The Christinos had about 200 men put hors de combat. Brigadier General O'Donnell is among the wounded. Cordova took the positions of Arlaban in the night of the 23d. On the 24th he was marching on Salinas.'

London, Monday evening, May 30. The feeling in the city on Spanish affairs was of a mixed and contradictory nature. The desperate step taken by the new ministry in dissolving the Cortes, seemed a death blow to the credit of the Government in this place, and the prices of their securities were declining rapidly.

The state of money continues satisfactory. It is not abundant, but is obtainable on fair terms and on good security to any extent that may be desired. The sudden rally in the American exchanges is held to be a good symptom, as it now makes it a doubtful speculation to export gold to New York, and the merchants will be less disposed to engage in such operations when they perceive the uncertain state of the market, and how quickly it may be turned against them.

The Consol market has been quite steady. The last quotations were 91 5-8 to 3-4 for money, and 91 7-8 to 92 for the account.

London, May 31. No Business of importance was transacted in the House of Lords last night. Lord Melbourne, who, it appears from the Court Circular, has returned to town, did not show himself in the House.

Exports to the United States. The shipments to the United States have been most extensive the last six weeks. They exceed those usually made in the spring for America, and they are increasing, instead of diminishing, as the season advances. The weekly packet ships cannot take a quarter of the goods offering, several of the last having been compelled to refuse merchandise a week before sailing. Transient ships are in great request, and freights have risen; still the goods are detained, from the want of suitable conveyances, the American ships receiving the decided preference.—*Liverpool paper.*

Lauriat.—The following communication we find in the Lowell Courier.

Lowell, 12 o'clock M.
Wednesday.

Messrs. Editors—I here send you a short account of my ascension on Monday—although rather late, I hope it will be acceptable to my patrons. Circumstances beyond my control prevented my return sooner to this city.

I departed from my friends in the amphitheatre at half past five—thermometer at 74—ascended with perfect ease and safety, gradually increasing my distance from the earth until 6 o'clock. Having then reached my greatest altitude, 12,500 feet—thermometer standing at 28—the lower strata of clouds being some distance below me.

I had a most superb view of the city of Lowell and adjacent towns. The variegated verdure and richly cultivated surface of the earth, between here and Newburyport, presented at once to the eye a scene of astonishing beauty and grandeur—looking like a vast garden interspersed here and there with little running brooks and small spots of water, for so did the Merrimack and numberless lakes and ponds appear at that elevation. My prospect of the towns and villages was clear and perfect as far as Portsmouth, which was distinctly in sight. A strong North West wind propelled the aerostat with great rapidity towards the sea.

At 1-4 past 6, I commenced my descent—my course was then in the direction of Newburyport—as I continued descending, the lower current varied my course four miles East of Newburyport. I was then compelled to make a quick descent, or *go over the Atlantic*. As the latter course would be attended with considerable difficulty and danger, and beside not being well *stored* for so long a voyage, I preferred the former, and made a safe landing at Salisbury, 3 miles from the sea, and 4 from Newburyport, having travelled the distance of 30 miles, beside the elevation, in one hour.

I arrived in Boston on Tuesday afternoon, was obliged to give immediate attention to my wet balloon, which I managed to preserve free from injury—thus preventing my return to this city until to-day.

The ascension would have been a fine one, but for the powerful and almost incessant rain, which almost always accompanies my aerial flights—but as a by-stander truly remarked during the affliction, there was *more silk damaged than my balloon*—the ladies indeed had a hard time of it, which greatly marred my happiness.

I beg leave to present my most sincere feelings of gratitude to the citizens of Lowell for the kindness and generosity with which my efforts have been so generously rewarded.

With sentiments of respect,
I am, gentlemen,
Your ob't serv't,
LEWIS A. LAURIAT.

Fire. The Salem Gazette states that on Wednesday night, soon after eleven o'clock, a fire broke out in the barn of Mr. Joshua Pope, in Boston street, opposite Federal street. The barn, containing a quantity of hay, leather, hides, &c. was consumed, and the adjoining dwelling house of Mr. Pope was nearly destroyed. The fire is attributed to design, as there had been no light in the building, for several days. Some cows which had been safely tied up in the barn at dark, were found loose in the street, after the fire was discovered.

The Gazette states in connection, that the tall shady trees were a great protection to the neighboring houses.

Engines from the neighboring towns were early on the spot.

A man in Philadelphia had his hand carried away by the explosion of a gun on the Fourth.

The farce which is to be acted, we will inform the editor of the Bangor People's Press, will come on near the *scene* of the *transactions*, at the Bangor Theatre, and will be called 'No Free Tickets' or 'Down East Broke Loose.' Chief characters by certain Editors.

We observe that the Directors of the Providence Rail Road have had a meeting, and resolved that it is proper for the President to inquire into the causes of the late *accident*, and take measures to prevent a recurrence. This is all very well after the public has received a shock which operates very much against the credit of the road. It would have been better had the regulations prevented the difficulty which has already occurred. An alarm which affects the *pockets* is a grand incentive to an assurance that the public shall not meet with the evil *again*. The fact is, the President of the Boston and Providence Rail Road, and a majority of the Directors, are *New York* men, and therefore Boston people will have little regard paid to their comfort. The price of passage is two dollars—it should be reduced. The fare to Worcester is only $1,50, and it is the same distance. The Providence Rail Road Company have bought the steamboats, and have the power in their own hands,—and the public must do as they say or whistle.

The New York Light Guards breakfasted with the Boston Light Infantry yesterday morning at Concert Hall and were then escorted to the Cars. They are a fine body of young men, and their manual is represented as being surpassed by no volunteer corps 'for twenty miles about.'—We believe our companies have not as a whole paid them so much attention during their visit as might have been expected—but we presume that our soldiers are willing to do all in their power without subjecting themselves to the charge of extravagance. We know for a certainty that one or two of our companies intend to take a tour of their own ere long, and are husbanding their means therefor.

A young son of Mr Wentworth of Philadelphia, was drowned on the 4th, while washing his handkerchief in a creek.

A man named John Henry Story was drowned on the 4th in the Delaware, near Philadelphia, while bathing.

A tremendous hail storm occurred in Richland County, Ohio, destroying all the crops.

Santa Anna in a communication translated in the New Orleans Bulletin denies that any treachery was used against Col. Fannin and his men at Goliad. He denies that a flag of truce was taken to them and they were offered to be considered prisoners of war if they would capitulate.—He states that Fannin made the offer of capitulation, provided that the life of himself and his men might be spared. The following is the account given by the General who commanded at the battle, Don Jose Urrea.

'The report I received from General Urrea, who commanded in that action, was to this effect: that finding himself in front of Goliard, (where Fanning with his party,) he was told that the enemy had undertaken to retreat towards Victoria, a circumstance he had not before perceived on account of the thick fog; and that he proceeded to join them, which he subsequently effected on the plan called 'The Encinal del Perdido,' and fought until dark; that on the following day, a part of his artillery and infantry arrived, with which he continued the attack; which, having been observed by Fanning, and considering his loss as sure, he hoisted a flag of truce, and sent a paper, written with a pencil, containing some articles offering to surrender, if his life should be warranted, &c., to which Gen. Urrea returned a negative answer, adding that, if they did not surrender immediately, he would continue firing upon them. Fanning then surrendered by laying down his arms and they all remained in the power of Gen. Urrea, who sent the prisoners and wounded to Goliad, and he continued his route to Victoria.'

Some one in the same paper contradicts this report of Santa Anna. The survivors of the massacre can inform the public what is the truth of the matter.

The Creek war is probably over. 1200 Creeks, says the National Intelligencer, have surrendered.

Congress has adjourned. Many important bills, as is always the case, were hurried through at the close of the session. The following resolutions were passed in the House.

Resolved, That the Independence of Texas ought to be recognized by the United States, as soon as it shall satisfactorily appear that it has in operation a civil government, capable of performing the duties and discharging the obligations of an Independent Power.

Resolved, That this House regards with much approbation the determination of the President to take measures for obtaining full information as to the civil, military, and political condition of Texas.

The Seat of War.—Gen. Jackson, it seems, is exceedingly dissatisfied with the manner in which Gen Scott has conducted the Florida war, and has peremptorily recalled him. Gen Jessup will now be in chief command.—There has been much fault somewhere. The removal of Gen S. will test whether it has originated with him. There is needed a firm, bold, determined, yet careful and reflecting mind to prosecute the war against such cunning foes as the Indians have proved themselves.

Noble.—A man whose name is unknown, says the Philadelphia Ledger, was drowned in the Schuylkill, above Fairmount, on Monday last, while seeking to rescue a child which had fallen into the river, and which fortunately was, by the exertion of some other person, rescued from a watery grave. Such a man is truly 'made in God's own image.' He who risks danger to save the lives of others is truly a man.

Celebrations. The Fire Department of Bangor celebrated the Fourth in grand style and had an Oration by A. Walker, Esq. The Portland political parties had dinners and addresses. The New Bedford people were not behind the spirit of the times but enjoyed themselves mightily. The Oration by Vendell Phillips, Esq. of this city is highly applauded. But it seems that the atmosphere and fire works could not agree in any direction on the evening of the fourth. All the papers announce a postponement until the next fair day.

A man in Fairhaven near New Bedford, in firing a cannon on the Fourth, blew off his hand and it was necessary to amputate his arm.

Awful.—On the Fourth, a quarrel took place near Philadelphia, on the Germantown road, between two men, one of whom made use of an unloaded musket, and the other of an axe, the latter putting open the skull of his antagonist, who survived the blow only long enough to be taken home.

From Hudson's Price Current Boston.

JIM HENRY'S GANG CAPTURED—TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY INDIAN WARRIORS CAPTURED!—LATE FROM MEXICO.

New York, July 5, 12 o'clock, P. M.

Our attentive correspondent J. Coffee, Esq. of the Exchange Rooms, Philadelphia, has again favored us with the following intelligence from the South, three days in advance of the mail.

Charleston dates to Friday last have been received, but contain nothing important from the seat of war. Gen. Scott still remained with the army on the Georgia side.—The Montgomery Advertiser says that the Indians cannot hold out much longer, being surrounded on all sides.

The intelligence from Texas is interesting. The Mexican Government have determined to prosecute the Texan war, and an expedition under Gen. Cotoza, 5000 strong, had arrived at Saltalle; and another of 3000 strong was to have embarked at Vera Cruz for Capano in June. Gen. Filisola had received orders to cease retreating, and to oppose the Texians in conjunction with Gen. Urrea, who is at Metamoras with 3000 men. Gen. Urrea has been appointed generalissimo of the Mexican forces. It is said that he is required to raise an army of 15,000 men, and that $16,000 had been subscribed for that object in a single day in the city of Mexico. We may soon look out for squalls, but the watchword of Texas will be 'San Jacinto and Independence.'

Sentinel office, Augusta,
June 29—night.

Dear Sir—I have not an item of news, except what is contained in the following extract, which the post master in this place received this evening from a gentleman attached to the Post Office at Columbus, and which he politely permitted me to copy:

'Columbus, June 28.

'It is generally believed that the war is at an end, so far as fighting is concerned. Jim Henry's party have nearly all been taken—he has escaped himself; they are all confined at Fort Mitchell. The smiths were all at work, on my arrival, making handcuffs for the prisoners. It is believed that they will be sent immediately to the West, except the chiefs, (five or six in number) will be punished with death. They have not yet determined what course to pursue with them. The army are all at this time in motion. Nothing but bridges at this time prevents the mail from running through.'

Eyes. There is no writer whose productions we peruse with more pleasure than those of the author of 'Odds and Ends' in the Knickerbocker. These Odds and Ends are as the very words intimate, only scraps—but this is the very reason why we like them. They are the remarks of a man who *sees* every thing about him—who has eyes for some purpose—who suffers nothing to escape him in his daily walks. His racy paragraphs are an exemplification of the superiority of the knowledge to be obtained from observation to that which is procured from books. Books give knowledge without experience—here observation of passing events gives knowledge and experience at the same time. In the first article of Odds and Ends in the last number of the Knickerbocker, the writer asks, of what use it is to spend money to witness shows when they can be seen every day in every street—of what use it is to witness the 'Unfinished Gentleman' of Reeve, and the 'Jemmy Twitcher' of Sefton, when Unfinished Gentlemen and Jemmy Twichers of the truest qualities may be seen every day at the Police office? How true this is! Our readers, who use their eyes, who are not afraid to stand in the street and watch the progress of a row, or mark the moving panorama constantly exhibited, will appreciate this.—Give us the philosophy which is obtained from real life.—Give us the conversation of the man who learns something from his daily walks.

We are in this respect somewhat independent of the opinion of the world. We 'ride our stick through Washington street' to the great and constant edification of our self and the Editor of the Post. He is edified by the stick, and we by the walk. Washington street is our book. Therein are belles and gentlemen, and would-be belles and would-be gentlemen, and no gentlemen at all. There are faces of all descriptions, long, round, and square—and gaits of all descriptions, from the sauntier which betrays the walker for pleasure, and the quick step of the man of business—and there are two-legged puppies and puppies with four legs, (we pray the Post to let the Traveller make a joke out of this sentence—or perhaps it is no *joke* at all?) and one cannot turn his eyes from side to side without instruction and amusement. We love to stand by a crowd of angry men, and watch the faces and mark the various expressions of countenance—from the dark lowering frowns of *brooding* malice, to the flash of sudden anger, which, like the thunder storm, bursts and then is gone. We love to endeavor to read character from outward exhibitions.—It is the best portion of our studies; and we pray all to buy the Knickerbocker. They will find therein the thoughts of a man who wins thought through the medium of his senses, [illegible] a lesson from the petition of the beggar—who does not fear the scorn of the world for neglecting the cold dictates of ultra-politeness, and fears not to mingle in the crowd or address the ragamuffin. He will teach men by his quaint paragraphs to use their eyes—to follow his example—to become experimental philosophers.

The Baltimore Transcript, in a preface to the advertisement of Lord Timothy Dexter, which we published some days ago, says—

A Curiosity.—The Boston Herald says that the following, being an advertisement of Lord Timothy Dexter, (who formerly lived in Newburyport, Mass.) and which was inserted in one of the papers of that place some years since, was handed them by a friend.

This is the eccentric, but foolish individual, who, being advised by some malicious wight to send a cargo of warming pans to the West Indies, did so, and still made money out of the speculation; the negroes making use of them for different purposes in the manufacture of molasses. He offered his fellow-townsmen to pave certain sections of the town, provided they would call him Lord Dexter. To this they could not agree, but he was ever a *titled* man, and to use his own words, '*The greatest philosopher of the East*.' His 'Pickle for Knowing Ones,' (printed at the Register office) another odd conceit, peculiarly his own, is a great curiosity. It is a work which he published without the use of a single capital or mark of punctuation, except at the end, where he had some four or five pages of Capitals, periods, etc. etc., with the following advice to his readers, 'To pickle the dish to their own liking.' He also had in front of his residence some twenty or thirty images carved from wood, representing the most distinguished men and soldiers of our country.

In regard to the warming pans, the Transcript does not give the cream of the joke. In the same vessel with the warming-pans, Dexter sent several hundred pairs of *skates* to the West Indies. The mad eccentricity of *such* a venture every one will laugh at. But Dexter turned the joke completely. There was an immense demand for the warming pans for sugar ladles; they would command almost any price—but by the express orders of Dexter, every ladle was accompanied by a pair of skates—and the consignee would not sell the one without the other.

The following is from the Nantucket Enquirer; a paper which has often equally good articles. The 'Bonfire producer,' so amusingly described, may be seen anywhere in State street in the places designated as the most proper for its location in order to produce the most astonishing effects. Perhaps the incendiaries have had many awful sins put on their shoulders which are in reality the offspring of the Bonfire producer or Spitting Box.

How to produce a Bonfire. Take a wooden box, any where between two and four feet in length, and twelve to twenty four inches wide, with a plank bottom, and sides three or four inches high—fill it with scraps of paper torn finely, with pine shavings, or what is preferable because most fashionable, with fresh, dry saw-dust—kiln-dried if procurable. Then place the box as nearly as may be upon the centre of the floor of some Insurance Office, Banking House, Reading Room, or other public institution—large warehouses, and indeed stores of every grade, may sometimes answer the purpose. Denominate the receptacle thus stationed, a 'Spitting Box'—from its frequent spitfire propensities.—Drop into it accidentally, now and then, the remainder section of an ignited segar—the warm alkaline residuum of an expiring tobacco pipe—the unextinguished remnant of a new lighted match—or even the last excised or pinched-off snuff from a spermaciti candle. The later the evening hour in which this process is performed, the better; the colder and drier and darker the weather, the more successful the experiment—especially if tried in the midst of a compact pine-built neighborhood. Supposing a segar end, and a saw-dust spitting box the agents, a result may be sometimes attained which will astonish the very operators themselves, and set all the town to wondering at the cause. The 'vital spark' being brought into contact with the dusty combustible, a singularly secret union is immediately formed, the effects of which are imperceptible at the surface; for the course of the combustion is downward and infundibuliform toward the bottom; where it seizes the solid wood, continues to penetrate and extend, reaches the floor, crawls along the fixtures or moveables to the wainscoting, and finally bursts into the open atmosphere, in living, raging cataracts of flames, presenting a glorious and sublime conflagration, not easily to be subdued by counter elements in the hands of puny mortals.

Melancholy Occurrence. After the close of exhibition of the 'show' at Morristown, Ohio, and just before dusk, a drunken brawl occurred between a Robert Graham, of that vicinity, and Thomas Sloan, barkeeper of Surgeon's Hotel, Lloydsville; in the course of which Graham struck Sloan over the head with a brick-bat, wounding him rather severely; which Sloan retaliated by drawing a dirk and stabbing Graham in four different places—in the back, the right side, the abdomen and left side; the latter thrust having penetrated the victim's heart; he died immediately. Sloan, though wounded and bleeding, sprang on his horse and escaped. He is supposed to have made directly for Wheeling, which he could have reached before daylight.

A son of Mr T. Hempstead of Fredonia, N. Y., was killed there on Thursday by being run over by a waggon.

The first legislature of the new State of Michigan, is to be convened on the 11th of this month.

A correspondent of the Boston Reformer says that on the Fourth instant, he counted *twenty-two* different gangs of individuals gambling on the Common!

Where are our city officers on these occasions? We are no advocates for the doctrines of Judge Lynch under any circumstances. But we think that laws enacted, and ordinances established to promote the good of society, ought to be executed. There is no more detestable being in creation than a Gambler—and their practices in public should not be connived at.

It may be well to state here, that the Boston Reformer is now conducted by Rev. O. A. Brownson—who has lately accepted an invitation to become pastor of a new Society established in this city. The character of the paper, in many respects, has undergone a change,—and that it will be edited with ability there can be no doubt. It professes to be 'in religion Christian, not sectarian; in morals strict, uncompromising, but not austere; in literature American, in taste and spirit; in politics liberal, democratic in the best sense of the word, but not a partisan, nor radical in the common acceptation of the term. It will advocate free discussion, equal rights, equal laws, universal, moral, religious and intellectual education. It goes for the *whole* people, but will labor especially to raise the moral tone, vindicate the rights and improve the condition of the industrious classes.—*Mer. Jour.*

The Lowell Journal gives quite an animated description of the holiday as celebrated in that town, but observes that the collars were unstiffened, the bonnets saturated, the muslins dripping, and a scatter among the moveables, in consequence of the showers in the afternoon. This did not prevent Lauriat from ascending, which he did in the most graceful manner. His greatest altitude was about 1200 feet.

The Lessee of the Roxbury Hourlies has put up again the price of his tickets. The expression of just disapprobation against the former measure of this kind was so strong that he was glad to retract his change. But wisdom seems not to stick by him. If he continues to sport with the public as he has done of late, in a variety of ways, there *will* be an opposition line which will be encouraged and supported to his loss. When there were two lines, some expedition was used. Now, the drivers take their leisure, and rarely accomplish their route in less than thirty-five minutes. To this slow, independent movement is now added a rise in the price of tickets. We hate to see those who have the power in their hands, make a cat's paw of the public—all we can say is, the public won't *stand it*.

The Students of Phillips Exeter Academy celebrated the Fourth in a manner highly creditable to themselves, as scholars, and sons of the free. At ten o'clock they formed a procession at the Court House, and, under a handsome and well conducted escort, commanded by Capt. Beck, proceeded to the Rev. Mr. Smith's meeting house where, after prayer by the Rev. J. N. Brown, the Declaration of Independence was read by James Smith, an Oration delivered by Henry C. Whitman, a Poem by John B. L. Soule, and the concluding prayer by Rev. Mr. Hatch. The Oration and the Poem were productions of high order, and were listened to with attention and deep interest, by a large and respectable audience.—*Exeter News Letter*

The Legislature of Rhode Island have passed a law that the banks shall not charge more than six per cent. interest. We do not know what has been the regulation of money in that State heretofore, but fear that the new arrangement will be productive of the same evil results it has occasioned in this State. Money is an article which should regulate itself like any other kind of goods in the market—and any laws to regulate, only operate unfavorably on all classes of the citizens.

Two police officers in New York fought for a seat in the police office a day or two ago, bestowing blows according to the most approved method of fisticuffing. It seems that the term of one had expired, and another who was appointed in his place, took the seat he used to occupy. When the other came in the battle ensued. The magistrate *threatened* to take notice of the affair, *if it was repeated*. This is justice with a vengeance.

The saddle of a Mexican officer, which was taken from the battle ground of San Jacinto, is now placed for exhibition in the Museum, N. Y., and crowds are running to look at it. It would be a profitable spec for General Houston to send Santa Anna about to the cities, and charge twenty-five cents a sight. It would put a good sum into the Texan treasury, and rotten eggs and nut shells would rise in the market.

The New York Brass Band accompanied the Light Guards to the city. They played very well, but we *rather* suspect, that our old stagers can beat them hollow. Heretofore New York companies visiting this city have been accompanied by negro musicians.

The Orator at Roxbury thrillingly alluded to the unfinished [illegible] monument.

A parcel of rogues have made it a practice of besmearing the store of Mr. Job Davis in Dock square. A few nights ago they daubed over his sign with paint and ruined it.—The fellows ought to be fed for a week on bread and water and printer's ink. The watchmen must look out for them.

Burglary.—A man named Tuck, was arrested this morning in the street, by Jacob Fullant, an officer of the night watch, charged with entering the store of Mr. Foster, and stealing therefrom a quantity of hair cloth. The cloth was found in a shop occupied by Tuck, together with other property that may lead to further disclosures.—*Mercantile Journal.*

We learn that Lewis Cass, (now Secretary of War,) has been appointed by the President of the U. States, with the advice and consent of the Senate, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to France. The appointment was, we understand, confirmed unanimously, as soon as announced.

New Orleans, June 16.—Shipwrecked.—By private letters we learn that the brig Attakapas, Cormier, hence, was totally wrecked on the Bar of Tampico—her cargo was valued at $120,000 part of which had been saved but much injured; the cargo was principally insured in this city.—*Bee.*

The bill for the reorganization of the Post Office, has finally passed both Houses of Congress, and wants only the approbation of the President of the United States to become a law.—*Nat. Int.*

The Advocate, in a notice of the beauty of the Mount Washington Omnibus, says that it 'doubts if New York can exceed it in elegance and taste.' We enter our protest against any comparison between Boston and New York in taste—either in regard to omnibuses or any thing else.—Their omnibuses are well enough, but the horses that draw them!—we could find rats on Long Wharf larger and fatter than the poor, meagre, lack-spirit creatures which are used for hacks in New York. They are too miserable to leave any shadow behind them.

It is rather a queer circumstance that after crowds had loaded up stages to proceed to Providence, fearful of an accident on the Railroad, one should have broken down upon the way. The truth is, there are as few lives lost on Railroads in proportion to the number of passengers carried, as there ever were by the breaking down, &c. of stages. There are too many lost either way.

Fisher of the Roxbury Hotel deserves particular notice for the superior style in which he served up the Fourth of July dinner at the Pavilion, and the excellence and abundance of the viands. We never sat down to a better feast, and indeed it was the general remark that the meats and *fruits were better* than could be hoped for and the cooking unusually good. Green peas and strawberries were provided in plenty, and all at a very reasonable rate.

The Newburyport Herald prints the Speech put into John Adams's mouth by Daniel Webster, and says that it was delivered but fifteen minutes before the signing of the Declaration of Independence. It is worthy of old John, but we must inform the Herald that it is the production of Webster.

The Washington Mirror, after copying the prospectus of the New England Book, to be published by Otis, Broaders & Co., says—

Why can't the enterprising gentlemen extend their plan and make it *American*? We waive all our New England prejudices in favor *of nationality*. We deprecate this cutting up our literature into New England, Western, and Southern. It is *one*, and must be one forever and inseparably, whatever political changes may take place hereafter.

Mr Dawes, the editor, was a native of Boston. By the by, we have heretofore forgotten to mention that Mr D. has offered the sum of one hundred dollars for the best tale, and the like sum for the best poem for the Mirror, to be handed in before the first of January next. The Mirror goes ahead, as the paper of a talented and enterprising editor would be expected to do.

The Publishers of Newspapers at Lexington, Louisville and Cincinnati, have raised the rate of advertising 50 per cent.

The arrangements for steam navigation across the Atlantic have been completed. Anthracite coal will be used.

An Iron steamboat, called the Chatham, was to have been launched at Savannah, June 23d. The iron work was brought in pieces from England.

Slack, the impostor, is going the rounds of the Maine towns and his name the rounds of the papers. People have been sufficiently warned against him.

Three prisoners have escaped from jail in Augusta, Geo. One knocked down the keeper and all three ran out; one was suspected of a mail robbery.

A steamboat on the Lakes made in one trip of 16 days $14,[illegible]. Something of a haul.

The second centennial anniversary of the settlement of Providence will take place on Friday, the 4th day of August next. Hon. John Pitman will deliver the address.

A ludicrous riot occurred in New York on Monday evening. A number of Irishmen had booths around the Park, and a lot of fellows, calling themselves the American Party, attacked them, and a battle ensued. The Irishmen were assisted by their wives, and as every kind of weapon came handy, some women seized whiskey bottles by the necks, and made external application of them to the heads of the assailants, others grasped lobster shells and roasted pigs, and at it they went pell mell, head over heels, rough and tumble. The American Party conquered, spilt the liquors and the Irishmen, and made 'blue lights' of the whiskey. Some of them were seized.

Capt. John B. Nicholson, who has just returned from the Mediterranean, in the Delaware, at Norfolk, will as we learn hoist his broad pennant on board the U. S. ship Independence, fitting out at the Navy yard, Charlestown, for the Brazil station, to supersede Commodore Renshaw, in command of that squadron.—*Boston Eve. Gaz.*

Buffalo, July 1.—*Gale on the Upper Lakes.*—During the gale on Sunday the 19th ult. we have a report that the Owanungah, from this port, was stranded on the beach near Michigan city, but without full particulars; we should however suppose, from her being newly built, remarkably strong, and the line of that shore being mostly of sand, that she will not bilge, but be got off with little damage.

We regret to add, that in the above gale, the steamboat Delaware went ashore near Chicago, and became a total wreck. The hands on board fortunately escaped. The amount of damage is not yet ascertained.

New Orleans, June 18. Fire.—A part of the warehouses attached to the cotton press of Mr. Ogden, on Magazine street, were, together with about 2000 bales of cotton, destroyed by fire on Thursday morning, between 1 and 2 o'clock. We were informed the cotton was principally insured.

Statement of the deposites and coinage of gold at the Mint of the United States, in the month of June, 1836.

Balance remaining uncoined, May 31,	$749,986
Deposites for coinage:	
Bullion of the United States,	49,370
Do. foreign,	513,240
United States coins of former standard, none.	
Foreign coins, (sovereigns,)	9,900
	$1,322,735
Amount of gold coinage within the month of June, (in half eagles,)	1,090,495
Balance remaining uncoined, June 30, 1836,	$232,240

The coinage of silver for the quarter ending the 30th of June, amounted to $1,235,000, of which $77 was in small coins.

Mr William Trask, fireman of the engine of the Providence train, whose leg and collar bone were broken by the collision of the trains on the Providence Rail Road last Wednesday week, died on Thursday night at the Massachusetts General Hospital, of lock jaw. He has left a wife and one child residing in the city, who are fit subjects for the charitable consideration of the Railroad Corporation.

On Sunday evening, about 6 o'clock, a man was killed in Amity street, New York, front of Engine House, No. 18, between M'Dougal street and 6th Avenue. The circumstances relative to the fatal affair, as we are informed, are as follows: The deceased was standing on the sidewalk; some words were exchanged with men passing by, when a fatal blow was struck, by some person unknown to our informant, which knocked deceased down, and he expired almost instantaneously. Deceased is an Irishman, and boarded opposite, and had not been in this country but two or three weeks.

A riot occurred at Hoboken, New York, on Monday.—Three fellows wanted to drive over the pleasure grounds in a waggon, and being prevented, they tipped over the oyster stands and assaulted several individuals, and so injured an old man 75 years of age, that they covered him with his blood. They were arrested.

A French Frigate, the L'Arthemese, is at anchor in the North River, New York. In consequence of the departure of the troops from the Forts in the harbor, she was not welcomed by any salute on the part of the United States.

It is said that Santa Anna has attempted to make his escape. The feeling against him in Texas is so strong that he may suffer death ere long.

The city of Louisville, Ky., has increased 4000 during the last year!

[illegible] Monday. Gov Everett made one of his best addresses and speeches were also made by the Attorney General and Josiah Quincy Jr.

The Lowell people, we are sorry to hear, had a storm during the Fourth, which must have put a damper upon their enjoyments.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, John Suran, of Bordeaux, France, to Martha Garland, of Durham, N. H.

By Rev Mr Streeter, George A. Langford to Caroline E. L. Knights.

By the Rev Mr Ballou, Samuel F. Frothingham to Joanna French.

In this city, by Rev Mr Ide, Soloft F. Brown to Elizabeth C Betteley.

In this city, by Rev James McKenzie, Ezra Burrows to Virginia N. Coombs.

By Rev Mr McKenzie, Solomon Seymour to Martha Blaisdell.

At Charlestown, Elias Craft Jr, to Elizabeth, daughter of Joseph Hunnewell Esq.

At Charlestown, Alfred B. Hall, of Boston, to Abigail J. Thompson, of C.

At Stoughton, Wm D. Swan, of Dorchester, to Jane B. Capen, daughter of Abraham Capen, of S.

At Newburyport, George Lambert, of N, to Caroline Haskell, of Newbury.

At New Bedford, Rev George J. Carleton, of Andover, Joanna Coggeshall.

At New York, Theodore Holbrook, of Boston, to Rachel B. Smith, of N. Y.

At the North Bend, Ohio, Wm H. Taylor Esq, formerly of Richmond, Va, to Anne T. youngest daughter of Gen Wm H. Harrison.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mary Augusta, daughter of Franklin Haven Esq, 8 years.

In this city, Michael Mullen 26; Amos Boynton 31; Warren Newell 19.

In this city, 4th inst, Mrs Mary Ann Nash 41; Mr Wm A. Doak

In this city, George Henry, only child of Joseph H. Cotton, aged 14 months.

At Roxbury, Sarah Ann, daughter of Franklin and Sarah Winchester, of Sandwich, 1 year.

At Roxbury, Ann C, daughter of Aaron Gay, 23.

At Jamaica Plain, Thomas W. Tucker 30.

At Watertown, John Clenery, a member of the Freshman Class in Harvard University, 21.

At Hingham, Mary Winser, daughter of Charles Hersey, 10 years.

At Charlestown, Amos Francis, youngest son of Amos Tufts Jr, 4 1-2 years.

At Medford, Robert Shapley 27.

At Ipswich, Mary Elizabeth, youngest child Nathaniel Clark, of this city.

At Augusta, Me, Robert R. Vose Esq, [illegible].

At Ipswich, Mary Elizabeth, youngest child of Nath'l Clark, of this city.

At Mendon, Mrs Huldah, widow of the late Henry Dearth, of Sherburne, 84.

At Pine Orchard, Anne Arundel County, Md, 9th ult, John Attlebeef 84.

At New York, Mrs Mary Chase 55, late of Boston.

June 28th, on his passage from Wilmington, N C. Capt Clough, master of brig Rondout.

THERMOMETERS.

A FEW dozen Botanic, do. Chemical, with a variety of common patterns, warranted perfectly graduated, for sale by D. B. WIDDIFIELD, 120 Washington street, second door south from School street. hlw—g3t jy 9

MARRYATT'S WORKS.

UNIFORM EDITION, for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street, comprising—

1. Peter Simple;
2. Jacob Faithful;
3. The Pirate, Three Cutters, and Moonshine;
4. Frank Mildway;
5. The King's Own;
6. Newton Foster;
7. Pacha of Many Tales;
8. Japhet in Search of his Father.

Containing nearly twelve hundred pages for the small sum of *Two Dollars.* 1mis june 23

TO BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.

THE 'Maine Quarrying Association,' incorporated with a capital of 300,000 dollars, are prepared to execute orders for any dimensions and quantity of Granite from the Kennebunkport, United States Quarry. Application may be made to John Mead, Daniel Wheden, Franklin Tinkham at Portland—Moses Kimball at Boston—Thomas Cooke & Co. at New York, or to John Kingsbury, at the Quarry. tf may 24

STATIONARY.

MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street, have just imported a general assortment of French and English Stationary. They offer Cutlery, Paper, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Bristol Ware, Seals, (with names, mottoes and designs) &c. &c. at the lowest prices, wholesale or retail. Persons in want of the above articles, are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves. 1m june 27

PATENT MANIFOLD LETTER WRITER.

DYER'S Manifold Letter Writer, calculated for writing two or three copies at one impression, is far superior to the copying Press, and continues to give general satisfaction; besides its utility and economy for the Counting House. It is the best and most convenient and safe writing apparatus for persons travelling, being put up in a very portable form for that purpose. A fresh supply just manufactured, and for sale at MARSH'S, 77 Washington street. june 8

MR. PADDOCK,
NO. 210 WASHINGTON STREET.
may 24

SALES BY AUCTION.

By J. M. ALLEN, Office corner of Milk and Congress sts

PARTICULAR AUCTION NOTICE.
Boston Horse and Carriage Mart.

The City Authorities having assigned the large and very commodious Square, known as the Hay Market, at the junction of Union, Marshall and Merrimack Streets, for the especial purpose, the subscriber gives notice, that he will continue to hold regular sales of HORSES, CARRIAGES, &c. every Saturday, at the above named place. Very particular attention will be paid to the sale of any articles in this line of business. Liberal advances and quick settlements made.
j25 6w J. M. ALLEN.

ADDITIONAL NOTICE.

The Subscriber gives additional notice, that he has taken the large store in Union street, in the building formerly occupied by the 'Caravan,' which has been completely fitted up for a Depository. He is now ready to receive Carriages, Harnesses, &c, on Storage, for either public or private sale.
J. M. ALLEN

Pews in St James's Church, Roxbury.

On *MONDAY* 11th July, at 5 o'clock, P. M.
10 Pews in St James's Church, Roxbury.
Sale at the Church. By order of the Wardens.

House Lots by Auction in Roxbury.

To be sold by auction, on WEDNESDAY, the 20th of July next, at 4 o'clock P. M. on the premises,

About 35,000 feet of Land near Mount Pleasant, on the Warren farm. This land will be sold in one lot, or divided to accommodate purchasers. The site is not surpassed, as it respects beauty and extent of prospect, by any local position in the vicinity of Boston. The sale will be positive, and the terms liberal.

NEW BOOKS.

DOANE'S Surgery: Surgery illustrated, compiled from the works of Cutler, Hind, Velpeau, and Pleiner—with 52 plates. By A. Sidney Doane, A.M., M.D.

The Truth: its physical condition and most remarkable phenomena. By W. Mullenger Higgins. It being the seventy-eighth volume of Harper's Family Library.

Frank. By Maria Edgeworth. Complete in one volume.

Map of Texas: with plates of the adjoining states. Compiled by Stephen F. Austin.

Letters descriptive of the Virginia Springs: the roads leading thereto, and the doings thereat. Collected and edited by Peregrine Prolix. With a Map of Virginia.

Notes on the Wisconsin Territory, with a Map by Lieut A. M. Lea, of U. S. Dragoons.

Richardson's New Dictionary of the English Language. The four first numbers received by
j5 tf MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington st.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber would inform his friends and the public, that he has taken Store No. 251 Washington street, where may be found an assortment of Combs, Perfumery and Fancy Goods.
june 3 epfim* JOHN H GRUSH.

NEW MUSIC FROM LONDON.

JUST received by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, a fine assortment of rare Music, most of which has never before been imported into this country. Consisting of Instruction Books for the Pianoforte, Violin, Flute, Guitar, Violoncello, Organ, Wind Instruments, &c; Studies for various Instruments; Sheet Music for Flute Solos and Duets, for the Flute and Piano, and two Flutes and Piano; Songs for the Voice, Flute and Pianoforte; Violin Solos and Duets; Music for the Violin and Pianoforte; Violoncello Solos and Duets; Music for the Violoncello and Pianoforte; Music for the Pianoforte, for the Bugle and the Organ.

Also, Thirteen Favorite Melodies, arranged for a Brass Band, by H. A. Praeger; Eight Pieces, for a Brass Band, composed and arranged by J. R. McFarlan. For sale at 133 Washington-st.
june 27 1m

NEW BOOKS

JUST received by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street.

A New Abridgement of *Ainsworth's Dictionary*, English and Latin, for the use of Grammar schools. By John Dymock, LL.D. A new American Edition, with corrections and improvements. By Charles Anthon.

The *Works of Thomas Dick, LL.D*—four volumes in one, viz The Philosophy of a Future State: The Christian Philosopher The Philosophy of Religion: An Essay on the Improvement of Society; or an Illustration of the advantages arising from a general dissemination of Rational and Scientific Information among all ranks.

Sketches of Switzerland, by an American, in two volumes

The American Journal of the Medical Sciences. No 35, for May

Pacha of Many Tales. Japhet in Search of a Father. Cheap uniform edition, only 37 1-2 cts each. may 28

EASTERN STEAM BOAT MAIL LINE, for Portland, Bath, Hallowell, Bangor, Eastport, and St. John's, New Brunswick.

The PORTLAND, 450 tons,	Capt Jabez Howes.
INDEPENDENCE, 500 do.	" Tho's Howes.
McDONOUGH, 300 tons do.	" Andrew Brown.
BANGOR, 400 do.	" S. H. Howes.
ROYAL TAR, 400 do.	" Reed.

The splendid Steamers Portland and Independence, will run every night, Sundays excepted, between Boston and Portland—leaving Eastern Steamboat Wharf, foot of Hanover street, Boston, and Andrews' Wharf, Portland, at 7 o'clock, P. M.—The Portland leaves Boston on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and Portland on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. The Independence leaves Boston on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and Portland on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. These Steamers are expressly adapted for this route, and provided with extra boats and life preservers.

The superior Steamer McDonough has been put in perfect order, improved in model and speed, and will run daily between Portland and Hallowell, touching at Bath and Gardiner—will leave Portland after the arrival of the Boston Boats, at 5 o'clock A. M., on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and Hallowell on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 9 o'clock, A. M.; connecting with the Night Boats for Boston.

The favorite Steamer Bangor will run as a Day Boat between Portland and Bangor, touching at Owl's Head, Saturday Cove, Bucksport, Frankfort and Hampden, she will leave Portland on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 6 o'clock, A. M., immediately after the arrival of the Boston Boat, and Bangor, Tuesdays and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, A. M., connecting with the night boats for Boston; she is furnished with a Fire Engine, Life Preservers, Cork Mattresses and four Boats. One half the Portland and Independence will be reserved for the passengers from the Penobscot, and ample accommodation reserved for those from the Kennebec.

The new and superior Steamer Royal Tar, will run weekly between Portland and St. John's, N. B., touching at Eastport. She will leave Portland on Fridays, after the arrival of the Portland from Boston, and St. John's on Wednesday afternoon, in season to place her passengers in the Independence on Thursday evening. The McDonough and Royal Tar commence their trips from and after May 8.

Fare from	Boston	to Portland,	$[illegible]
"	"	Boston to Bath,	$3 [illegible]
"	"	Boston to Hallowell,	$4
"	"	Portland to Bangor,	$4
"	"	Portland to Eastport,	$4
"	"	Portland to St. John's,	$6

Deck passengers, at reduced rates.

Freight received every day for the above ports.

☞ The Proprietors of the Boats, however, will not be responsible for any Bank Bills, Notes, Drafts, Packages, Trunks, or other articles of value, unless the value is disclosed, a proportionable price paid, and a written receipt taken therefor, signed by the Captain or Clerk.

*** All baggage at the sole risk of the owners thereof.

Apply to I. W. GOODRICH, Agent, No 56 Washington-st., or at the Eastern Steamboat Wharf. may 24

THE BOSTON PEARL AND LITERARY GAZETTE.

THE sixth volume was commenced on the first day of June, 1836. The work is under the editorial charge of Isaac C. Pray Jr. and H. Hastings Weld, and is published, distributed and mailed to subscribers every Wednesday evening. Original and selected Tales, Essays, Translations, Travelling, Literary and Historical Sketches, Biography, Poetry, Satire, Criticisms, News, and all subjects embraced within Belles Lettres literature come within its province. Unremitted exertions are made to disseminate truth on every proper and important subject by watchfulness, deliberation and industry. The experience of its editors, it is hoped, will be a sufficient surety to the patrons of the work and the public generally, that a family newspaper will be constituted at once entertaining in its character, sterling in its progress, and worthy of extended circulation and favor. The editors, convinced that personal regard rather than justice to many matters too often dictates opinions, will ever endeavor to do strict justice to whatever may come under their cognizance. Criticism, especially, will be based upon the principles of sound taste, and it must not be supposed that either favor induces praise or enmity poises the lance in an attack. Indeed, from the determination to give credit where it is due, and to expose errors where they are apparent, the Boston Pearl will be visible and shield from any implication of dishonest motives.

So far as the mechanical portion of the work is concerned, the publisher pledges himself to gratify the eye by white paper, clear impressions, and systematic method. To our advertising patrons we shall always do everhanded justice by uniformity and plainness, allowing at no time engraved heads to give undue conspicuousness to any advertisement.

Terms.—Three Dollars per annum, to be paid invariably in advance. Postmasters or other persons, by sending fifteen dollars will be credited with six yearly subscriptions.

Publishers of papers who receive invitations from the publication office to copy the above prospectus will alone be entitled to an exchange.
june 24 tf ISAAC C. PRAY, Jr.

NEW BOOKS.

LIFE on the Lakes. Being Tales and Sketches collected during a trip to the pictured Rocks of Lake Superior. By the author of 'Legends of a Log Cabin,' in 2 vols.

The Self-Condemned, a Romance, by the author of 'The Lollards,' &c.

A Bridal Gift, by the editor of 'A Parting Gift to a Christian Friend.'

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON,
may 24 133 Washington-st.

NEW BOOKS

JUST received, and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street.

Open Convents: or, Nunneries and Popish Seminaries dangerous to the morals and degrading to the character of a Republican Community. By Theodore Dwight.

Biography of Rev. Eleazer Wheelock. By Edwin Martin Stone.

Memoir of the Rev. Samuel Green, late Pastor of the Union Church, Boston. By Rev. Richard S. Storrs.
june 11 1mis

TO COUNTRY TRADERS!

IF you are purchasing STOCKS, look in at KIMBALL'S, 13 Washington st, before purchasing. may 23

CHESS MEN.

THIS Day received and for sale at MARSH'S, 77 Washington street. (Joy's Building) a fresh supply of English Chess Men, large and small sizes; a further supply of Passavill & Co.'s London warranted Thermometers in boxwood and japan and cases; a few quires only of the celebrated improved *Tracing Paper*, designed for drafting and copying plans; *Drawing Instruments; Transparent Wafers; Mouth Glue, &c. &c.* june 8

RODGERS'S PENKNIVES.

A BEAUTIFUL assortment of Joseph Rodgers & Sons' patent Penknives, of very rich quality. Also, a supply of very fine and high finished Razors, with every article of the finest finish for the gentleman's toilet. For sale by JOHN MARSH, No 77 Washington street, Joy's Building.

BRICKS FOR SALE.

NOW ready for delivery a large kiln of Bricks. For particulars inquire at this Office. june 15

SELECTED POETRY.

ORIGINAL HYMN,

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

Sung at the Roxbury celebration of the anniversary of Independence, July 4th, 1836.

Swell forth the organ's pealing notes !
Proclaim the triumph of the free !
—And Heavenward as glad music floats,
God, bless a Nation's Jubilee !

We praise Thee that no tyrant's hand
Girds round our limbs the bondman's chain;
We praise Thee for a freeman's land,
For freemen's homes on hill and plain.

—Cease now the anthem—Lift the prayer !
Our fathers' God, to Thee we bow !
Thou that didst nerve the sires to dare,
Sustain the suppliant children now !

Thou that didst curb the foeman's might,
Thou that didst hear the patriot's cry,
Thou that didst give in bloody fight
The hope, the strength, the victory.

Let virtue be with freedom twined;
Pure may our hearts—our country be;
O may we, like our fathers, find
Our ark of safety, God, in thee !

MISCELLANY.

BROOKS'S LETTERS.—NO LXIII.
A LITTLE OF EVERY THING.

On the Banks of the Po, }
Sept. 30, 1835. }

Horror of the horrors ! Misery, misery, thrice-doubled misery ! What exquisite pleasure there is in travelling ! Here I am *quarantined* in one of the most miserable places on earth. I cannot get enough to eat, and what I do get, is so dirty that I can't eat it. I cannot sleep o' nights, the beds and sheets are so filthy, that if I could, the *fleas* would not let me. I am bitten all over from head to foot. All night I am engaged in fighting these invisible imps of satan, and all day I am inspecting the wounds they make. The mosquitoes of the Mississippi, the sand flies of Alabama are well bred gentlemen in comparison with these rascals here, who people the nooks and corners of every part of your dress. Oh Italy, sweet, beautiful Italy, the land of poets and Painters and Sculptors, oh how ——I abhor the very sound of your name. My enthusiasm is all thrown overboard. I had rather be in the hut of a Creek Indian. Ovid and Lucan, ye lying Poets, why have ye sung thus falsely of this dirty, muddy Po ! A classic stream this ! this vile river too dirty even for the fish ! Even Virgil has sung of the Po, and Claudian, and Pliny have written upon it, so that its name is in the mouth of every classic scholar from John O'Groat's house in Scotland to the tip end of Cape Horn in America, while they know nothing of these prettier but harder named rivers, the Androscoggin and the Mattawamkerg of Maine, or the Coosa and Tallapoosa of Alabama. Poetry is—Poetry all the world over. Poets wear spectacles richly colored, and see things in other lights than others of us do, else, why have they made this muddy-yellow Po, the *golden* Po ?

I see over this dirty Po some Christian habitations. There are there, I am told, good hotels. The people seem as if they were civilized. The town is tempting and pretty. But alas, I cannot even enter into this land of promise. If I were to attempt it, they would shoot me with as little ceremony as they would shoot a dog. The land of promise is in my eyes, but I am but a Tantalus, grasping for what I cannot get. The Po is the boundary here of the Austrian and Papal dominions, and into the last I am again forbidden to enter till I have again passed a four days quarantine in this horrible place. I cannot write more than a line at a time without stopping, for a reason that I cannot tell. The fleas, the fleas, the horrible fleas ! I rush in desperation among the boatmen on the banks of the Po, to speak a little Italian with them. But a cloud of fleas are ever surrounding them. I walk over the sands to seek a shade on the banks of the river, but every where follow the invisible fleas. The days have no end. The nights an eternity. I go to bed at seven and wake up at two. Time is a burthen, a misery, and a false notion it is that the loss of an hour is the loss of so much of our existence, when that hour is to be an existence tormented as ours is. Oh the fleas, I am devoured by the fleas. Happy American is he who have no curiosity to see the *glories* of Italy, for whether the musquitoes suck his blood upon the coasts of the lower Mississippi, or he congeals upon the banks of the St. John, he is happier than here in the month of September, quarantined in a village not even worth a name—Santa Maria Magdalena, though they call it,—and doubtful, very doubtful, whether it is possible for him to enter further into Italy, as the cholera is raging in parts of Tuscany, and the Pope and his Cardinals are quarantining in the most rigid manner on every side. That such an American at home, may be happier wherever he is, I have given him a sentence or two upon the *pleasures* of travelling. Never, never travel for pleasure. There is no happiness like that one enjoys in his own chimney corner, whether it be on the ottoman of the luxuriant Parlor, or the dye-pot of a New England Kitchen.

I left Padua at noon in a Vetterino with my travelling companion for Terrara, a good day's journey. I think we gave him twenty zwanzingers, (about $3 50) to take us there in *one half* of a Vetterino, a dinner and breakfast and lodging included, which you can see makes travelling cheap enough here, inasmuch as the dinner, breakfast and lodging would of themselves have cost us that. The Vetterinos find all if you choose, and if the provision does not cost them one fourth the sum it costs a stranger, it is better to bargain thus.—*One half* of the Vetterino, our driver inserted in his written agreement, but we had a most interesting quarrel with gestures, and vocal thunder enough to shake an American house down, upon what constituted *the half* of the Vetterino. My friend and myself divided it so as to take the two back seats to ourselves, when we were comfortably seated, when he thrust another traveller, an Italian upon us, and began to demonstrate that *one half* of a Vetterino was a Vetterino divided lengthwise, so as to give us one fore and one back seat. I must confess his logic was irresistible. He had the right of the argument, though of course, we argued with all the power of a newly acquired Italian tongue, that a lateral division was as just as the longitudinal division that he wished to make. He, however, had inserted in the written agreement this *one half* in order to deceive us, and as we had the money as yet in our own hands, and him therefore in our power, we came to the resolution to do as we pleased. A storm of wrath then burst from him, and our only reply was one of our loudest laughs. There was not an Italian oath, that he did not sound from the humblest of the Saints up to the very *Sangue di Gesu Christo* (the blood of Jesus Christ) the horrible apex of an Italian oath. But as the climax did not move us, he changed his tone in an instant into the most musical invocations to our hearts, which having somewhat more of an effect, we told the Italian traveller to enter, and we would do what was right, when after making him go through the form of seating on the forward seat, we cheerfully exchanged. Such lessons as these are necessary for such men. There is no peace with them unless you insist upon having all things as you choose whether you are right or wrong,—and above all be indifferent to their threats, for they are the greatest cowards in the universe. We fared a hundred per cent better during the day, in consequence of our morning fight.

Our road to Fenara was along the rich plain of which I have spoken in a former letter. On our right was the Euganean hills beautiful retreats, beautifully cultivated, from the heart of the neighboring plain. The whole of this broad plain, and the wide extent of the hills, we saw from the summit of *Monselice*, the Mons Silices of the Latins. I did not remember, till evening when I found at a Hotel at Rovrigo an Englishman reading the pilgrimage of Childe Harold, that the tomb of Petrarch, Laura's lover, was in the bosom of these hills, not very far from the road which I had been travelling. Arqua was the country seat of Petrarch, and Padua, perhaps, may be called his home. He died at Arqua, and the chair in which he died, our new acquaintance told us, is among the relics of the day. Byron, whose Childe Harold,—in Poetry though it is,—is after all one of the best books of travel for the present day, say of this,—

"They keep his dust in Arqua where he died,
The mountain village where his latter days
Went down the vale of years: and 'tis their pride,
An honest pride,—and let it be their praise
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre: both plain
And venerably simple, such as raise
A feeling more accordant with his strain
Than if a pyramid formed his monumental fane."

Among the many things which the traveller will mark upon this road, (near Monselice say,) perhaps the beauty of the women will most strike his attention, particularly if he sees them when neatly dressed in the costume of the country, a simple white veil thrown over their head, and falling upon their necks. Even the common peasantry were among the most beautiful women my eyes ever beheld in any land. Finer, no, even that is difficult—finer figures I was going to say, might be seen in some saloons where Art had been touching Beauty to FORTIFY her charms, but such expressions of the countenance, such beauty thus most adorned, when unadorned at all, it is almost impossible to find in any other clime. No wonder then that Raphael has painted such divine Madonnas, if to the simple nature of such models as these before his eyes, he could add the beautiful fancies of his own lofty genius. No wonder too, that Titian and others painted so beautifully, when thus inspired by some of the finest works of nature, or that such statues be found in Italy, where ideal beauty could find an embodiment of its high conceptions, even of the Venuses of the gods, among the simple peasantry of the Euganean hills

"With eyes so pure, that from their ray
Dark vice would turn abash'd away :
* * * *
Yet filled with all youth's sweet desires,
Mingling the meek and vestal fires
Of other worlds, with all the bliss,
The fond weak tendernes of this."

We passed the night at Rorigo, having passed the Adige river in a *pont volant*, or flying bridge, somewhat like those I described on the Rhine, and which I then said, it seemed to me, would answer an excellent purpose in many parts of our country, when the current of the river is strong, and a bridge cannot be well built. From Rorigo, we sat off in our Vetterino long before day, and soon after taking a breakfast at one of the numerous caffes upon the road, we found ourselves upon the Po, the far famed river Po, here the boundary of the Austrian dominions in Italy, and of the Papal states of the north. Our passports were examined by the Austrian Police, and we were permitted to pass over the river. When we arrived there, we were met by the *gens d'armes* of the Pope, and escorted to the custom house on the banks of the river, with as much formality as so many prisoners would be led to the gallows. Our baggage was given a most scrutinizing examination. The few letters of introduction I had taken with me were felt over and over again, for being written in French, the Dogana of the Italian Custom House was but a precious little wiser for their contents not one of them speaking or even reading French. The English books again excited suspicion. What treason might be lurking in such mischievous letters, they could not for the life of them tell. During the over-scrutinizing prying that these Dagana-men were making into the more ponderous luggage of my companion, upsetting every thing as they did, and turning and twisting what he had in every manner, he became excited and angry with the impertinence, and with his hands in his pocket, and his hat on his head, commenced a whistling of yankee doodle, so as to pay impudence with impudence as much as was in his power. As for my own self, I stood with my hat under my arm, before this august personage, who seemed in fact overwhelmed by the dignities of his high office, that is, the duty of thrusting his fingers into my dirty linen:—and when it was necessary to bow I bowed with all the grace I could summon, and even an Italian actress could not have said "yes, sir," "*si signore*," to his numerous questions, with a more amiable, or affable tone, though I could with a good heart have pitched him into his muddy Po. But the more he upset the things in my companion's wardrobe, the louder he whistled yankee doodle, and the louder he whistled the more he upset the things Evidently yankee doodle was winning the day, for after every thing was topsy turvey, yankee doodle had nothing to lose, and every thing to gain.—The man of the Dogana commenced a terrible sputtering in Italian. My companion, who is a good French scholar, requested him to speak French. "I don't speak French I speak Italian only,—Io (with an emphasis) io non parlo il francese. Io parlo il italiano solamente—sputtering louder than ever, and shaking his head in a whirlwind of wrath. At last, with an ear but badly trained to the ever changing pronunciation of the Italian in different parts of Italy, I discerned that he was lecturing my companion about his hat, and his music thus impudently displayed before the vicegerent of God's vicegerent on earth, or in other words, the man who fingers the dirty linen for the papal custom house. A truce was concluded by my intervention. My companion consented to take off his hat, after remarking that the man of the Dogana had not started his. The music was lowered, and finally stopped when the baggage was done with. I said to my companion, "we have got to suffer for this." An Italian always punishes if he can with impunity. In but a few minutes I saw that my foreboding was right. The offended dignitary had had influence enough to procure an order to march us back over the Po, there to rest for four days in the vile village of which I have spoken, under the pretence that we had not fulfilled the quarantine in the states of Lombardy ! He scrawled our passports all over with the orders prescribed, and thus prevented us from trying at some other ports. My companion sat down on his trunk, and whistling Yankee doodle again, he swore he would not go. He proposed to take the village, and the man of the Dogana as a prisoner, and march with them to Rome, to know if he had been doing right. The gens d'armes however, and a soldier or two gathered around us, and rapidly quickened our movements. They showed us the way civilly over the muddy Po. I felt the strong arm of power, and saw there was no resisting or dodging it, and that, therefore, submission with a good grace was the better part of valor. We hired then an Italian go-cart, with a horse that had the breath of life in him, but none to spare—with no flesh on his bones, and no hair on his hide, and with him training the go-cart, we came to this Santa Maria Magdalena, and halted at this inn, or Albergo, the populousness of which in fleas I have already described. *Moral.*—Never whistle or keep your hat on in a Police Office on the continent.

Our difficulties did not end here. A foreigner is not permitted in Austro-Italia,, without the permission of the Police :—and in order to obtain this permission, we were sent further up the Po, some five or six miles to the Police Office of Occhio Bello—I think it is, the head man of which reprinted on our passports again the Austrian seal, with the leave to reside four days within the precincts of his boundary. Thus fortified—and pleased even with the courtesy of this latter officer of the police, who had taken pity on the condition of two foreigners thus immured in the prison of a quarantine, we returning to our companions the fleas, to live on Maccaroni and soup, bread, grapes and wine, and to count the minutes of every hour of the long four days. I went to work studying my Italian with the more vigor in the vineyards, and under the shade of the trees on the Po. I write when their majesties the fleas have the condescension to permit, which is only at intervals when their appetites are glutted.

Feeling the want of words bitterly, as I have for three months past, but above all now at the express ideas, and of a knowledge of them when expressed by other too, I must take this opportunity to make some remarks which may be useful to others. I can read, and have been able for some time to read Italian very well; but when I entered Italy, this profitted me little or nothing The pronunciation was far other than that which my ear had been accustomed. The same I may say of the French and yet all the French I had ever learned was not worth a groat when I was forced to make a practical use of it. I find even now, the French of an Englishman, a German or an Italian is almost as easy to be understood as my own language, *because*, generally speaking they have not the quick clipping accents of the French themselves ; but to this day, a Frenchman when speaking his native tongue, speaks a language that only with pain I can apprehend. The inference I draw from this is, that a language taught by any other than a native of the country where it is spoken, is not to be sure, a waste of time, but time misappropriated, when a native instructor can be procured. The colleges of the United States ought then to make every effort to procure teachers from the very country, the language of which they wish to teach. To pay others for such a purpose, is a misuse of funds. Unless their Professors imbibe the language they teach from their infancy, even with their mothers' milk, they cannot exchange the accent of their native tongue, unless miraculously blessed with happy organs, for the accent of any other. It is so easy then, with a little effort, to procure foreign instructors, that they ought always to be procured by all the seminaries of learning. Many a young German would come to the United States for 500 dollars a year, or even less. I have heard them say so, often. An Italian would hardly think of pushing a demand as high as that. Frenchmen, hundreds of them in Paris, would come over for a little remuneration, with a sufficiency of leisure time for other pursuits. Perhaps for such low salaries, a man could not be kept long, though a German would think himself amply compensated in having his expenses paid, and a knowledge of the English language added to his treasures. The eyes of all the young men of the world, except the sons of noble families, who have a father's title and a father's gold as their bequest, are fixed upon America. They look upon it as a land of promise rich in stores for them, and their great hesitation in making a movement there, is ignorance of the language, and want of friends and encouragement, which will teach them how to begin to live. These are the men to teach us and our children the languages they speak themselves.

This bitter want of words, and of comprehension above all, which I have so keenly felt ever since I have been on the continent, has forcibly warped my former opinions from what they were, as to classic studies. A child as I was in Germany, deaf as the dead —with my ears but half open when French is spoken, and but half opened here, I feel no keen necessity for Greek and Latin, but every day makes me mourn, that I cannot fluently speak German, French and Italian—languages not of the dead, but of the *moving*, the BREATHING, the TALKING SPIRITS of the present day. Yet I will not undervalue classic learning. I should have but a stupid pleasure in travelling in a land so classic as this, if a classic Latin had never been in my hand. Every picture gallery I enter, almost every statue I see, every noble specimen of architecture makes the classics necessary. Even the Italian language itself, it is but a trifle to acquire, when one is ready with his classic Latin. The Latin too will find you some conversable companions in every nook and and corner of the earth. This very day I have found a Roman priest speaking it fluently, who knew nothing else but his native tongue. And then it is the basis, not only of our own, but of most of the civilized languges of the world,—and without it one cannot understand much either of the sciences or of the literature of mankind. The good of it, however, is an invisible good, compared with the immediate and pressing necessity we often feel of understanding and speaking a foreign language. French is necessary as the current coin of the polite and the business world, to say nothing of its literature. Without a knowledge of it, it is difficult, painful even, to travel in Europe. The deaf and dumb can hear as well, and speak as well on the continent as a man who knows only the English language. Added to the necessity then, there is an absolute dishonor in not speaking it. Ignorance of it is a mark of vulgar education here. To know is no honor, as to spell correctly is no credit ; but not to know, is the reverse, as it bad orthography or bad English. The German, too, has now become almost indispensably necessary, from the millions of men whose native tongue it is, and from the rich literature which it now has. Italian it is pleasant to know, and the acquisition of it is easy, not to be compared in difficulty with the French, —pleasant I say, for it is the language of the civilization of the middle age, the tongue of Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, Alfieri of the poets, and of Michiavel and the like among the writers of its prose,—and what is as much, it is the chosen tongue of the music and the arts of the present day. But besides all these, even before the last, if not the two last, *our* situation on the globe renders another tongue necessary to us, which is but partially necessary to the young men of England or of Germany. Cuba is an island intimately connected with our trade, and Spanish is the language of its inhabitants. Mexico is Spanish, and Mexico is on our borders. Indeed, immense portions of the American world, with the exception of the spot that we and the Indians inhabit, speak the Spanish tongue. Every day those states are growing more important to our trade, and every day a necessity for knowing their language is enforced. Fortunate then is it, that the stumbling blocks for the acquisition and pronunciation of that language are but few in comparison with those that are presented to learning and pronouncing the French or German, or many other tongues.

I often stagger with affright in witnessing, as I do every day in Europe, the almost imperious necessity of acquisitions which it seems beyond the bounds of human life to attain. Happy Cicero, who deemed a knowledge of the Greek enough in the study of languages ! Happy Romans, who knew only one people that could instruct them in language, in science and in arts ! The English language has been made the language of millions by the colonial enterprise of England in the three great quarters of the world. To say nothing of that overshadowing empire, the seeds of which she planted in our land, she is rearing yet others in the Indies and in New Holland too, that in their day may be as mighty as ours. But how powerless is that man, —how limited his range of acquisition,—how feeble here where I am, or elsewhere, upon the continent of Europe, who knows only even this wide spread English! He is but a child, an infant, ashamed of himself—a grown up boy at school, learning to read in the classes of suckling babes ! The very children give me lessons here. I study with them upon the grass. The poorest watermen on yonder Po can be my teacher in a thousand things. I court his company for the instruction he imparts. I spend an evening in an Italian revel to catch the sounds which even the gamblers at cards are uttering. If such reflections and confessions as these on the bank of the Po, can stimulate one young mind in the pursuit of knowledge, or better direct a single parent in the education of his child, then I have not been quarantined because my companion whistled—in vain.

B.

THE FOURTH.—The good people of our city were early astir yesterday, and ready for enjoyment. There was much to see and to hear. The weather was delightful, and contributed much to the enjoyment.

According to the general routine, the city government started from City Hall, and were escorted to the Old South by the City Guards, whose military discipline was never more conspicuous. An oration was delivered before them by Henry W. Kinsman, Esq., which our engagements elsewhere prevented us from hearing.

In Roxbury, the procession started at about 11 1-2, from the Rev. Mr Ballou's meeting house, escorted by the Norfolk Guards. It passed through several streets to the sound of a fine band of music, to Mr Putnam's Church. The services were opened by music from the band, followed by the original hymn on our first page. An appropriate prayer was then made by Mr Putnam, after which Mr Colurn sung with full band accompaniments the following

ORIGINAL ODE,
THE SONS OF THE PILGRIMS.

Tune—"*The Pilgrim Fathers.*"

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

The watery waste they trod;
Few,—but resigned and brave;
And the spirit of Almighty God
Went with them o'er the wave !

The howling storm careered !
And its fearful rage they bore;
And their lonely roofs the wanderers reared,
In the wilds of the stranger shore.

Then burst the savage yell
From the depths of the forest gloom;
And the Indian strode to his vengeance fell,
Through the flames of the Pilgrim's home.

They raised a prayer to Heaven !
Then passed to the combat on !
And the red-men back unto death were driven,
And their council fires were gone !

Again the sounds of war
Came booming o'er the main !
And the tyrants forged in a land afar
The links of the galling chain.

But vain the foeman's wile
'Gainst the hearts that would be free,
They fought 'neath the shield of their father's smile,
—That smile was victory !

Where have those brave hearts fled ?
—Their battles all are won;
Years have swept by with noiseless tread—
They to their rest are gone.

Bright is the gift they gained !
Pure, sacred let it be !
To Time's last hour be the scroll unstained,
The charter of the free !

The oration by Mr Simmons was an eloquent production and chained the attention of his hearers. It treated of the character of the Pilgrims and our revolutionary ancestors. Portions were characterized by surpassing eloquence. We shall speak more fully of it to-morrow.

The invited guests and subscribers to the dinner then formed a procession, and marched to the pavilion, where they sat down to a fine dinner provided by Mr Fisher.

The invited guests were Gov. Everett and suite, President Quincy, Attorney Gen. Austin, Lieut. Governor Hall, several members of the council, and other distinguished gentlemen.

After all had eaten sufficiently of the viands set before them, the regular toasts were read. The third was in eulogy of the Governor, and after the applause subsided Governor Everett rose and addressed the assembly in his peculiarly eloquent manner. He adverted very appropriately to the death of Madison, and said that in his view, the fourth of July should be celebrated with more and more feeling and reflection as the revolutionary patriots departed one after the other, and nothing was left to us but the constitution itself to stand on its own merits. He offered in conclusion a patriotic sentiment which we will give to-morrow.

Addresses were also made by the Attorney General, President Quincy and Benjamin Russell, Esq. The following toast was sent early into Boston to those who were celebrating the day in Faneuil Hall.

Boston and Roxbury. The compliments between Roxbury and Boston in 1775 were cannon balls. In 1836 Roxbury sends her best wishes for the prosperity of your city and the whole country.

The Dorchester Riflemen assisted the Norfolk Guards in escort duty, and the Artillery were at the dinner in uniform. Every thing passed off with the utmost hilarity and good order.

A fellow named George Stevens made a grand haul a few days since from the bank of Masillon, Ohio. He altered a certificate of deposit which came into his possession some how, from 400 to 7400. He received $4000 in cash and $3,400 in a certificate of deposit, which was afterwards cashed for him it Cleveland. $200 are offered for his apprehension.—*Transcript.*

SINGULAR.—There have been many circumstances related of our revolution and the great men who projected and carried it through, which, were they not so well attested, would almost induce a suspicion of the truth, but the following striking coincidence is one of which we do not recollect ever before having seen a notice.

Washington, born February 22, 1732, inaugurated 1789; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.

John Adams, born October 19, 1735, inaugurated 1797; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.

Jefferson, born April 2, 1743, inaugurated 1801; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.

Madison, born March 16, 1751, inaugurated 1809; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.

Monroe, born April 2, 1759, inaugurated 1819; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.

The above is a list of five of the Presidents of the United States (all men of the Revolution,) who ended their term of service in the 66th year of their ages ! J. Q. Adams's term of service, had he been elected a second time, would have also expired in the 66th year of his age.—*North Alabamian.*

Had Andrew Jackson, who obtained in 1824 a plurality of the electoral votes, been elected at that time, his second term of service would have expired in his 66th year.—*Baltimore Republican.*

ANCIENT MODE OF CRIMINAL TRIALS. In the year 1066, persons who were accused of robbery, were put to trial by a piece of barley bread, on which mass had been said: and if they could not swallow it, they were declared guilty. This mode of trial was improved by adding to the *bread* a slice of *cheese*; and such was the credulity and firm dependence on heaven in these ridiculous trials, that they were very particular in the composition of this holy bread and cheese. The bread was to be of unleavened barley, and the cheese made of ewe's milk, of the month of May, no other of the twelve months having any power to detect a criminal. It is observed by Du Gang, that the expression we have long employed—"*May this piece o bread choke me!*" comes from this custom. It is recorded in our history, that Earl Godwin died in making this asseveration while swallowing a piece of bread. If the anecdote is true, we can only say, the Earl was singularly unfortunate.

A young man named William D. Grey, was taken into custody at the Washington Hotel, in New York on Sunday, where Grey had been visiting under rather suspicious circumstances. On his being brought down to the Police office, and his person searched, a towel, having the Washington Hotel mark on it, was found in his pocket, and several duplicates for clothes which he had pawned at a pawnbroker's. Whilst an officer was in the act of examining the duplicates, a Mr Browne, a gentleman who arrived here lately from England, called at the Police office to say that a valuable coat had been stolen from his lodgings, and it afterwards turned out that this identical coat was one of the articles which Grey had pledged.

THE ART OF PLEASING.—Who can teach it ? Who can learn it ? There never was a more applicable anecdote than that of the old farmer, who first rode on his donkey to please a passer by, put his boy on to please another, and finally lost his beast over a bridge in trying to please a third. He who tries to please every one can satisfy no one, for his course can be but vacillating and uncertain—and he will fail to attain any desirable end. One recommends dependence on others, and premises that with meek and retiring modesty a man will be noticed, and assisted to mount the ladder of prosperity and fame. A second advocates a firm disregard of every one—an independent scorn of the opinions of others, as most likely to win respect and approbation. A third advises to mock humility—recommends adulation of others, and a cringing spirit—and who shall decide upon the proper course ? We have been led to these reflections upon the art of pleasing, by the remarks which we have heard respecting the fire-works on the Common. We have confined our view, while this is a general matter —but it is a good exemplification of the difficulty of pleasing that inconstant thing—the public. In the first place, a large sum was devoted by the City Government to procure this exhibition for our citizens; and several gentlemen increased the amount by donations from their private funds. Towards the evening of the Fourth, the sky became covered with clouds, and some rain fell. The physicians have declared that on former evening shows, the dampness of the grass had injured the health of many. Fearing in this case a like result, the government determined to postpone the fire-works, that there might be when they were exhibited, no bar to the enjoyment of all. It was too late to issue handbills—therefore the preparations were staid, and the crier was sent among the crowd, being all the warning that could be given. Yet, with the knowledge that the postponement was made through the best feelings towards the public, some of the newspapers denounced the arrangement as unnecessary, and many were angry that the fire-works did not take place as long as it did not rain much. What if a shower, so much threatened, *had* fallen? All would have been wet. The pyrotechnics would have been spoiled, and the cry would have been—'They might have known from the looks of the clouds that it was going to rain, and put them off to a clear evening;' and the papers would have said, 'It is unfortunate that the City Government had not postponed,' &c.

Tuesday evening was delightfully fair, and crowds repaired to the common. The music sounded full and sweet in the clear atmosphere, there was no fear of taking colds from dampness, and all promised well. The signal rockets ascended beautifully, and the splendid exhibition began.

The last year it was said that the fire works would have been more acceptable if they had been performed with more expedition—that there was too much time between the different pieces, and the spectators became very much fatigued. It was determined this year to avoid the *error*. Piece after piece followed with rapidity; and with a splendor never equalled in Boston. The shouts and clapping of the surprised and delighted multitude testified their joy—and there was not time to think of fatigue. At last was exhibited in letters of brilliant fire, in the centre of a grand display, the word 'BOSTON, 76'—and the fire works were over.

They lasted an hour. It would have been expected that people would be pleased.—But no—the fireworks were not half as good as those last year. They went off *too rapidly*. They did'nt last long enough—in fact, fault must be found.

Now, good public, this is very much like the remarks men make respecting the course of an individual through life upon which we have commented in the leading portion of this article. Censure arises too often from prejudice, malice, or envy—or from difference of taste or opinion—and let one be ever so honest and enterprising, he will be, as the fireworks were not half as good as those last year, not half so sensible, or honest, or something or other, as some one else is, or as he ought to be. Here ends our dissertation.

A man was lately robbed and shot dead on the Germantown turnpike near Philadelphia. Two women saw the villains scamper across the fields after the horrid deed The murder has excited great sensation in Philadelphia.—The murdered man was infirm and old. It is believed that he was an Englishman and had been in the country only a few days. The circumstances as detailed by the women are these. The deed was committed in Turners Lane near the Germantown road. We get the following from the N. Y. Sun.

The woman, resident of Turner's Lane, who saw deceased just before the murder was committed, says that a tall man with black bushy whiskers, dressed in a dark blue frock coat, was observed to be in advance of him, and a shorter man with an ill looking countenance, light complexion, and light whiskers, dressed in a grey roundabout and white pantaloons, was behind, the three walking along leisurely. They went but a short distance from the road, when she heard the report of a pistol. A few minutes after, she saw two of the three men hastening with apparent alarm across the same field. She thought that some act of violence had been committed, but being alone, hesitated to give the alarm. She waited until some boys came along, and then, in company with them, sought the spot where the three had first disappeared. She then discovered the dead body of the old man, who had been shot in the right ear. The short man, it is probable, had walked cautiously behind his victim, clapped a pistol to his head, and in an instant of time, hurried the soul of the stranger to eternity. The body had been hastily thrown off the path into a stone quarry hard by, and when discovered, every pulse was 'still and cold.' A large oak, under the shadow of which the foul deed was consummated, had been shattered but a few days before by a blast of lightning !

The murderers were afterwards seen by several persons hastening along the Germantown road; and as the police officers are on their track, they will doubtless yet be brought to justice.

List of the ages and time of death of the deceased Presidents.—*Trans.*

	Died.	Age.
George Washington,	10th Dec. 1799	68
John Adams,	4th July, 1826	91
Thomas Jefferson,	4th July, 1826	84
James Monroe,	4th July, 1831	73
James Madison,	28th June, 1836	86

The Mayor acknowledges the receipt of $300, contained in a note dated Brookline, June 30, and signed 'Senex,' a present to the Farm School.

PUZZLE FOR THE POSTMASTERS. The following lucid and elegant superscription, is copied from a letter dropped into the post office at Buffalo: 'Metilde Gughhes of gecargo Steat of ollinoyce Amereca.' Who can wonder, says the Journal, at some postmasters being short in temper.

THE NEW YORK LIGHT GUARDS.—This company arrived in the cars at Roxbury about 11 o'clock. They were escorted to the line by the cavalcade, and were there received by the Boston Light Infantry, and escorted through Washington street, down State Street through Merchant's Row, then by Faneuil Hall into Washington street. They then passed through Court street to the Common. They dined with the company at the Maverick at 4 o'clock. His Excellency joined them after the dinner, at Roxbury. The Light Guards are fine looking fellows, with red coats. They quartered last night at Corinthian Hall.

DRAMATIC CONUNDRUMS.—Some of the following from the Baltimore Visiter are very good, some horribly bad—but fair as a whole. We should suppose from the last conundrum that the managers at Montreal would put up for their last night, 'The Road to Ruin,' and 'The Bankrupt.'

Question.—When does a dramatist compare his best actor to his tailor ?
Answer.—When he sticks to the *author* and the *bill.*
Q.—Why are the boxes always more affected than the pit ?
A.—Because they are always *in tiers.*
Q.—When is a perfect actor like a determined man ?
A.—Because he needs no *prompter.*
Q.—If you were knocked over by the opposition line coach, how would you consider yourself ?
A.—*Stage Struck.*
Q.—Why is the stage carpenter like a weathercock ?
A.—Because he is *seen shifting.*
Q.—Why are a few of the present generation like actors at a stand ?
A.—Because they cannot do without their *cues.*
Q.—Why are modern managers like astrologers ?
A.—Because their *ruling stars* govern their fate.
Q.—Why would you compare Mrs Wood to a person who demands a debt with a loaded pistol ?
A.—Because she's a *primer-dunner.* (prima donna.)
Q.—When is an actor most out ?
A.—When he's out at the pocket and elbows.
Q.—Which actor is most apt to mutilate an author ?
A.—Hack-ett.
Q.—Why was a celebrated vocalist much abused ?
A.—Because she was *Miss-Used.* (Miss Hughes'd.)
Q.—What plays take best in Montreal ?
A.—'Manager in Distress,' and 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts.'

The New York Times of Monday gives the following particulars of a melancholy suicide which took place in that city on Sunday last.

The Coroner was called about 1 o'clock yesterday morning, to hold an inquest on the body of a man lying at the house of Mr Peter Bayard, No 11 State street. The deceased shot himself on the Battery (toward the N. E. corner, between Pearl and Water streets, near East River,) between 9 and 10 o'clock Saturday evening.

Thomas H. Noble deposed that he was with a friend of his on the Battery at that time. There were a number of reports of pistols, fire crackers, &c. After the report of a pistol he heard a gentleman cry watch, and at the same time he heard some person say a man had shot himself. He ran up, a light was brought, and deceased was observed lying on the ground, his face downwards. There was a pistol in his left hand and another beside him on the ground. He has no doubt but deceased committed the deed with his own hand.

There were found on the person of the deceased a large green pocket book, filled with papers and letters, mostly written in the German language; a box of new percussion caps, only two gone from the lot; a powder flask full of powder, a bullet mould, and a worsted purse containing a $3 bill and $1,21 in silver.

From papers found in the pocket book, it appears that his name was Lewis Caspar Henninger, and that he was a native of Germany. He was genteely dressed—had on a black frock coat, a light Marseilles vest, grey striped pantaloons, linen shirt, black bombazine stock, boots and light socks.

The following letter was found among others in his possession

Boston, Oct 12, 1835.

Dear Sir—The bearer, Mr Henninger, is a German gentleman who has been some time in this country, and is introduced to me by Dr. Beck, of Cambridge. He has prepared, and wishes to publish a work on the history and system of the Jesuits, of which he will show you the prospectus. I take the liberty of referring him to you, as I know that you take an interest in the general subject, and will be better able to judge of the merits of his plan, and to point out to him the best way of proceeding than any other person. With respect, &c.,

E. ROBINSON.

Rev. Mr Croswell.

The unhappy man seems to have been determined upon effectually committing the fatal deed. He used two pistols, one on each side of his head.

Report states that the deceased had a wife, but that he did not live with her. Pecuniary embarrassment was no doubt one of the principal causes of the fatal deed, as we understand he was considerably in arrears for his board.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT,
By and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

Louis D. Henry, of North Carolina, to be Commissioner, John J. Mumford, of New York, to be Secretary, Cornelius Van Ness, of the District of Columbia, to be Clerk, under the act to carry into effect the convention between Spain and the United States.

John Randolph Clay, to be Charge de'Affaires of the United States to Russia.

Benjamin Johnson, to be Judge of the United States for the District of Arkansas.

Thomas J. Lacey, to be Attorney, and Elias Rector, to be Marshall, of the United States for said District.

FAMILY MEMORIAL.—PART 1.

GENEALOGY of fourteen families of the Early Settlers of New England, of the names of Alden, Adams, Arnold, Bass, Billings, Capen, Copeland, French, Hobait, Jackson, Paine, Thayer, Wales and White, from their first settlement in this country, to about the middle of the last century, with occasional notes and references, biographical sketches, memoirs of some distinguished individuals, epitaphs, &c. collected from ancient manuscripts, records and printed works. All these families are more or less connected by marriage, and most of them of late generations, the descendants of John Alden.

PART II.—Genealogy of Ephraim and Sarah Thayer, with their children: from the time of their marriage to 1835. with notes of reference, &c. as in Part 1st. By Elisha Thayer, Dedham, Mass. For sale by *MARSH, CAPEN & LYON*, june 6 1w 133 Washington-st.

NEW BOOKS.

S. T. COLERIDGE'S Letters, Conversations and Recollections.

Volumes 26 and 27th of The Boy and Girl's Library, containing Uncle Philip's Conversations with Children, about Whale Fishery and Polar Seas. For sale by *MARSH, CAHEN & LYON,* may 28—1w 133 Washington street.

FOREIGN REVIEWS.

THE British Foreign and Medical Review, or Quarterly Journal of Practical Medicine and Surgery, No 2, for April. Edited by John Forbes, M.D.F.R.S. and John Connolly, M.D. Editors of the Cyclopedia of Practical Medicine. Just received at JORDANS 121 Washingtonstreet. june 20

AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW,

FOR JUNE. Contents: Pennsylvania History; Physiology and Theology; Riot and Indemnity; The Monarchy of the Middle Classes; Popular Rights and Political Symptoms; Bulwer's Novels; Revised Code of Pennsylvania; English Sonnets; Thacher's History of Plymouth; Our Navy. *JORDAN*, Gen. Per Agent, 121 Washington-st. may 31

NEW BOOKS

JUST received by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street.

A New Abridgement of *Ainsworth's Dictionary*, English and Latin, for the use of Grammar schools. By John Dymock, LL.D. A new American Edition, with corrections and improvements. By Charles Anthon.

The *Works of Thomas Dick, LL.D*—four volumes in one, viz The Philosophy of a Future State: The Christian Philosopher The Philosophy of Religion: An Essay on the Improvement of Society; or an Illustration of the advantages arising from a general dissemination of Rational and Scientific information mong all ranks.

Sketches of Switzerland, by an American, in two volumes *The American Journal of the Medical Sciences.* No 35, for May *Pacha of Many Tales. Japhet in Search of a Father.* Cheap uniform edition, only 37 1-2 cts each. may 28

ACCOUNT BOOKS.

THE Subscriber manufactures *Account Books*, of every description, to any desirable pattern of ruling and binding, and would invite the attention of Incorporated Companies and Banks, believing his style of workmanship will be found equal to the best, and not excelled by any.

Complete sets of Bank patterns on hand, and orders can be taken without the least delay.

Also, on hand, a prime assortment of the best London Stationary, of every description, at the lowest rates, for sale by JOHN MARSH, 77 Washington street, Joy's Building, nearly opposite City Hall. june 13

THE GYMNASIUM.

MR J. SHERIDAN is happy to inform the citizens of Boston, that the GYMNASIUM, under his superintendence is now completed. It is situated twelve doors from the head of Hanover street, and combines every advantage of location. It is enclosed by high walls, and every arrangement has been made to combine amusement with healthy exercise. Mr Sheridan will bestow personal attention upon his patrons, directing and superintending the sports.

It is hoped that the attempt, not made without great expense, to establish a school for innocent and profitable exercise will not be disregarded.

Application to be made to Mr SHERIDAN at the Gymnasium may 23

NEW MUSIC FROM LONDON.

JUST received by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, a fine assortment of rare Music, most of which has never before been imported into this country. Consisting of Instruction Books for the Pianoforte, Violin, Flute, Guitar, Violoncello, Organ, Wind Instruments, &c; Studies for various Instruments; Sheet Music for Flute Solos and Duets, for the Flute and Piano, and two Flutes and Piano; Songs for the Voice, Flute and Pianoforte; Violin Solos and Duets; Music for the Violin and Pianoforte; Violoncello Solos and Duets; Music for the Violoncello and Pianoforte; Music for the Pianoforte, for the Bugle and the Organ.

Also, Thirteen Favorite Melodies, arranged for a Brass Band, by H. A. Prasger; Eight Pieces, for a Brass Band, composed and arranged by J. R. McFarlan. For sale at 133 Washington-st. june 27 1m

BATHING TUBS OF ALL SIZES

TO Sell or Let, on reasonable terms, by WM. B. OLIVER, may 24 19 Union street.

NEW BOOKS.

THE OLD INDIAN CHRONICLE: being a collection of rare tracts written in the time of King Philip's War, by persons residing in the country; to which are now added Chronicles of the Indians from the discovery of America to the present time. By S. G. Drake.

The Parent's Assistant, or Stories for Children, by Maria Edgeworth; complete in one volume. Harpers edition.

H. More's Works in 7 volumes. In neat sheep binding, also in cloth.

Also, a further lot of Rienzi.

For sale sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, may 21 133 Washington st.

EXTENSIVE SALE AT AUCTION,
OF REAL ESTATE IN THE
VILLAGE OF NIAGARA FALLS.

THE SUBSCRIBERS, having completed the plan and survey of the village of Niagara Falls, will offer a large portion of it for sale at public auction, to be held at the Eagle Hotel near the Falls, on Tuesday the 2d day of August next, and continue from day to day until the whole is disposed of; in lots comprising due proportions of building and water lots or mill seats, the latter of which are already prepared with canals and races, for the immediate erection and operation of hydraulic establishments of any extent or description. The terms of sale will be—one fourth of the purchase money in hand, interest, secured by mortgage on the property.

The terms and the remainder in six yearly instalments, with annual be fashionable practice of laying out embryo towns and cities in every bay and nook along the lake shores, and at every point of confluence of the large rivers of our country, and selling them by maps, accompanied with flourishing anticipations of their future growth and greatness, is becoming so justly obnoxious to suspicion, not to say ridicule, that we should be deterred from speaking of the property we now offer, in the terms we think it merits, were it not for the general knowledge which pervades every part of the United States, of the situation and peculiar localities of the Niagara Falls. This knowledge cannot have failed to satisfy those who possess it, that the various parts of this extraordinary and splendid position were specially designed by the Creator for the concentration and display of great moral as well as physical power ; and will enable them to appreciate the views we are about to offer.

We venture then upon the bold assertion that the country at and around the Falls of Niagara possesses, to a greater extent, the various elements necessary to the useful and profitable employment of labor, and greater capacities for the magnificent display and embellishments of art and the elaborations of science, than any other spot in the United States; in other words, that it combines more of those natural advantages which tend to invite, collect, sustain, and adorn a population than fall to the lot of any city in the civilized world.

Situated in a latitude most favorable to enterprise and energy; occupying the centre of a country of vast extent, and, in proportion to its extent, of unequalled fertility and beauty, to any part of which, it has easy access, by a most extraordinary combination of water and land communications, radiating in every direction ; possessing within itself a water power for mechanical purposes, which has no parallel, either in extent, uniformity, or safety—it will enjoy inestimable advantages for commerce as well as manufactures in the immense field which is opened for the collection of raw materials of every species of manufacture, and for distributing, vending, and exchanging its fabrics.

To the north and east, it is now but seven miles to ship navigation at Lewiston, whence theer is a continuous navigation to the Atlantic, through Lake Ontario, the Rideau Canal, and the St. Lawrence, in one direction; in another, to New York, by Oswego, the Erie Canal, and the Hudson. To the south and west, it is only one mile and a half distant from a beautiful and safe harbor on the Niagara River, formed by Connor's Island and the American shore, between which, and Black Rock and Buffalo, two daily Steam Boats, as well as other alke vessels, are now plying, and from which a range of ship navigation extends through all the Upper Lakes, connecting itself at various points with the Ohio and Mississippi, by means of the numerous canals and rail roads, ready made, and in progress of construction in that direction. As soon as the contemplated canal around the Falls which will commence at Connor's harbor, and passing thro' the village of Niagara, terminate at Lewiston, shall be accomplished, the ship navigation will be complete. But if this great work be not speedily undertaken, it is the intention of the subscribers to open a ship navigation, requiring no lockage, from Connor's harbor into the centre of the village, a distance of little more than a mile.

We have already an uninterrupted boat navigation to the Hudson through the Niagara River, and the Erie Canal, into which it enters, by a lock, at the mouth of Tonnewanda creek.

Our principal connexions by land will be by three rail roads, which are already far advanced, and will be completed during the present summer. One of them to the north, connecting with the Ontario navigation at Lewiston, a distance of seven miles ; another at the east, uniting with the Erie Canal at Lockport, twenty-two miles ; and the third to the south, crossing the same canal at Tonnewanda, ten miles and thence proceeding to Black Rock and Buffalo.

The beautiful formation and richness of the grounds at and in the vicinity of the Falls, combined with prospects of unvalled splendor; and, above all, the proverbial healthfulness of the inhabitants will render this village the summer, and in a short time the permanent, residence of gentlemen of fortune, from every part of the United States. Indeed, a great rush is already making for country seats along the banks of the river, on each side of the Falls. The "Lake Fevers," as they are erroneously called, and other epidemic diseases common to the western country, are scarcely known at the Falls, nor has a single case of the cholera ever occurred there, although it has repeatedly visited and scourged the surrounding towns with which the inhabitants are in constant intercourse. Its extraordinary salubrity is probably owing to the pure and limpid waters of the Niagara, imparting, by their rapid and unceasing motion, elasticity and vigor, as well as uniform temperature to the atmosphere.

Most of the lands comprised in this *village* have been in the hands of two of the subscribers for more than thirty years. They were purchased at a period when the whole country was nothing but a wilderness, and at a price which was deemed extravagant in those days, under a persuasion that they embraced the most favorable site on the western waters for the establishment of a large town. The tardiness of its improvements, hitherto, has been cause of surprise to many, and of complaints by some of the want of proper liberality on the part of the part of the proprietors ; but it is evident that, until recently, the population and resources of the country have not been such as to justify the expense of undertaking improvements on a scale commensurate with the importance of the position ; and they were unwilling to mar its destinies by promiscuous and unrestrained sales of the most valuable portions of it, to persons who had no means to improve them, and the effect of which would have been, to create embarrassments in regard to an enlarged distribution and use of the water power, that could not afterwards be retrieved. Some sales, however, have occasionally been made, but at such detached points as not to interfere with the general arrangement of the water power; and some ten or dozen mills and other hydraulic establishments are now in successful operation.

But the aspect of the western country having, of late, undergone a most important change, they have, since their recent sale to the other subscriber, and in connexion with him, and in addition to other corresponding measures, constructed a new and capacious canal, parallel with the old one, and both of them capable of any required extension, for the accommodation of mills and machinery of any and every description, and which, when erected, will not be crowded, as is usually the case, along the sides of rugged and precipitous banks, exposed to the dangers of flood and ice, but occupy dry and beautiful ground, and exhibiting the appearance of handsome streets, bordered by regular lines of substantial manufactories, and possessing a never failing power at perfect command. Many valuable buildings will be erected, and other improvements made during the present season by the proprietors, while extensive preparations—such as the formation of spacious brick yards, opening of *stone and lime* quarries, of which there are abundance in the immediate neighborhood, the erection of additional Saw Mills, &c.—are now in progress, for the oqerations of the next.

We trust that many of the substantial manufacturers of the eastern states will avail themselves of this favorable opportunity to establish themselves at a place, where labor and provisions, as well as most of the raw materials for manufacture, are abundant, and cheaper than where they now reside, and where tney will find a ready sale, at advanced prices, for all their fabrics.

A. PORTER.
P. B. PORTER,
B. RATHBUN.

Niagara Falls, May 4, 1836.

☞ The Albany Argus the New York Courier & Enquirer, the New England Galaxy, at Boston, the United States Gazette, at Philadelphia, and the National Intelligencer, at Washington, are requested to publish the above advertisement weekly, until the 20th of July, and send their accounts to the subscribers at this place.

Engraved maps of the village may be had of A. H. Colton, Map Publisher, No. 4, Spruce street, or of Leavitt, Lord & Co. Booksellers, Broad Way, New York—of O. G. Steele, Bookseller, Buffalo, or at this office.

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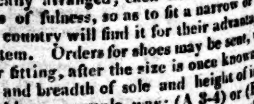

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The length and breadth of sole and height of instep are expressed in this very simple way: (A 3-4) or (B 3-4) or (C 3-4). The letter denotes the width of sole—the upper figure length of sole—bottom figure, height of instep or ances of the shoe. When there is no letter, A is understood.

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july 4 tf *Six doors from Court Street.*

PRINTING PRESSES.

ORDERS for Tufts's power and hand Printing Presses received by J. G. ROGERS, 39 Congress street. A variety of new and second hand Presses constantly on hand as above, and articles connected with Printing furnished at short notice.
may 30